





Stradanus, Johannes Stradanus, Jan van der Straet or Giovanni Stradano (1523-1605) was a Flemish artist active mainly in 16th-century Florence, Italy. He was a wide-ranging talent who worked as an easel and fresco painter, designer of tapestries, draftsman, designer of prints and pottery decorator. His subject range was varied and included history subjects, mythological scenes, allegories, landscapes, genre scenes, portraits, architectural scenes and animals. After training in his native Flanders, he left his home country and ultimately settled down in Florence, Italy. He became a prominent court artist to the Medici during the second half of the 16th century and worked on the many decorative projects

of the court. Stradanus also produced large altarpieces for the most important churches in Florence.

He was a prolific designer of prints which were circulated widely throughout Europe for many centuries. Through his knowledge of Florentine and Italian art and his international contacts with engravers and editors in Antwerp, Stradanus contributed to the development of printmaking. He was one of the earliest members of the prominent Accademia e Compagnia delle Arti del Disegno established in Florence in 1563. Stradanus also worked on various commissions in Rome, and resided in Naples from 1576 until about 1580. Thereafter he returned to Florence, dying there in 1605.

Stradanus became interested in working for the printers in the 1570s in particular after his visit to Antwerp in 1578. Initially, he provided existing designs he had created for his paintings and tapestries to the publishers to be turned into prints. The Antwerp publisher Hieronymus Cock published in 1570 a series of prints after Stradanus' designs for the tapestries of hunting scenes he made for the Grand Duke of Tuscany Cosimo I de' Medici. From 1576 the design of prints became one of the principal activities of Stradanus. He later worked with Philip Galle as his main publisher, likely as a result of meeting with Galle in Antwerp during his visit in 1578. Stradanus' virtuoso drawings were engraved by some of the leading engravers of the second half of the sixteenth century, among them Hendrick Goltzius, Philip Galle and his sons Theodoor and Cornelis, Hans Collaert and his sons Adriaen and Jan, and members of the Sadeler family and the Wierix brothers.

The subjects of the prints were wide-ranging and were in the first place geared towards the demand on the international market for prints that was supplied by the Antwerp printers. After the take-over by Antwerp by the Catholics, the preference was for counter-reformation themes such as the two Passion cycles, series on the life of the Virgin and the life of St. John the Baptist, the Acts of the Apostles, two series of the Resurrection of Christ and countless loose devotional prints that Stradanus designed.

In addition, Stradanus drew inspiration for subjects from the Florentine intellectual and literary climate in which he lived. Important were his contacts with the exiled Florentine writer and scholar Luigi Alamanni and other members of the Alamanni family who are mentioned in various commissions and dedications to prints. Luigi Alamanni likely inspired Stradanus to illustrate the entire *Divina Commedia*. In 1587, he was commissioned to paint a series of scenes of the damned in the various Circles of Hell, along with a series of illustrations and maps. Stradanus made a number of drawings for this project which was never completed. Only one of these drawings, depicting Canto 34 of Hell, where Dante and Virgilius look at Lucifer in the center of the earth, was engraved by Philip Galle.



Lucifer, engraved by Philip Galle

I	Prologue	Dante Meets Virgil
II	Discouragement	Beatrice Meets Virgil
III	Gate of Hell	Charon
IV	Limbo	The Virtuous Heathens
V	The Second Circle	Paolo And Francesca
VI	The Third Circle	Ciacco: The Gluttons
VII	The Fourth Circle	Hoarders: Spendthrifts
VIII	Enter The City Of Dis	The Violent
IX	Continue Into The City Of Dis	The Heretics
X	The Sixth Circle	Farinata degli Uberti
XI	The Seventh Circle	The Plan Of Hell
XII	The Seventh Circle	Minotaur: Brute Force
XIII	The Seventh Circle	Suicides
XIV	The Seventh Circle	Capaneus: Blasphemy
XV	The Seventh Circle	Sodomites
XVI	The Seventh Circle	Three Florentines
XVII	The Seventh Circle	Geryon: The Usurers
XVIII	The Eighth Circle	Fraud: The Panderers
XIX	The Eighth Circle	Popes
XX	The Eighth Circle	Intellectual Fraud: Astrology
XXI	The Eighth Circle	Barratry: Fraud In Government
XXII	The Eighth Circle	Fraud: Barratry
XXIII	The Eighth Circle	Fraud: Hypocrites
XXIV	The Eighth Circle	Fraud: Thieves
XXV	The Eighth Circle	Five Florentines
XXVI	The Eighth Circle	Diomedes And Ulysses
XXVII	The Eighth Circle	Fraud : False Counsellors
XXVIII	The Eighth Circle	Fraud: False Religion
XXIX	The Eighth Circle	Alchemists: Falsifiers Of Elements
XXX	The Eighth Circle	Fraud: Counterfeiters
XXXI	The Ninth Circle	Treason And Giants
XXXII	The Ninth Circle	Treason: Bocca degli Abbati
XXXIII	The Ninth Circle	Treason: Ugolino
XXXIV	The Ninth Circle	Treason: Satan
DIS:-	Lucifer , Satan The Devil	



INFERNO  
BY  
DANTE ALIGHIERI

ILLUSTRATED BY  
GIOVANNI STRADANO

TRANSLATED BY  
HENRY FRANKI CAREY

# CANTO I

## THE ARGUMENT

THE PROLOGUE  
DANTE MEETS VIRGIL

• • •

The writer, having lost his way in a gloomy forest, and being hindered by certain wild beasts from ascending a mountain, is met by Virgil, who promises to show him the punishments of Hell, and afterwards of Purgatory; and that he shall then be conducted by Beatrice into Paradise. He follows the Roman poet.

1. In the midway of this our mortal life,  
2. I found me in a gloomy wood, astray  
3. Gone from the path direct: and even to tell  
4. It were no easy task, how savage wild  
5. That forest, how robust and rough its growth,  
6. Which to remember only, my dismay  
7. Renews, in bitterness not far from death.  
8. Yet to discourse of what there good befell,  
9. All else will I relate discovered there.  
10. How first I entered it I scarce can say,  
11. Such sleepy dullness in that instant weighed  
12. My senses down, when the true path I left,  
13. But when a mountains' foot I reached, where closed  
14. The valley, that had pierced my heart with dread,  
15. I looked aloft, and saw his shoulders broad  
16. Already vested with that planets' beam,  
17. Who leads all wanderers safe through every way.

• • •

18. Then was a little respite to the fear,  
19. That in my hearts' recesses deep had lain,  
20. All of that night, so pitifully passed:  
21. And as a man, with difficult short breath,  
22. Forespent with toiling, escaped from sea to shore,  
23. Turns to the perilous wide waste, and stands  
24. At gaze; even so my spirit, that yet failed  
25. Struggling with terror, turned to view the straits,  
26. That none have passed and lived. My weary frame  
27. After short pause comforted, again  
28. I journeyed on over that lonely steep,

• • •

29. The hinder foot still firmer. Scarce the ascent  
30. Began, when, lo! A panther, nimble, light,  
31. And covered with a speckled skin, appeared,  
32. Nor, when it saw me, vanished, rather strove  
33. To check my onward going; that often times





VIRGIL IN THE GLOOMY WOOD

34. With purpose to retrace my steps I turned.

• • •

35. The hour was mornings' prime, and on his way  
36. Aloft the sun ascended with those stars,  
37. That with him rose, when Love divine first moved  
38. Those its fair works: so that with joyous hope  
39. All things conspired to fill me, the gay skin  
40. Of that swift animal, the matin dawn  
41. And the sweet season. Soon that joy was chased,  
42. And by new dread succeeded, when in view  
43. A lion came, against me, as it appeared,

• • •

44. With his head held aloft and hunger-mad,  
45. That even the air was fear-struck. A she-wolf  
46. Was at his heels, who in her leanness seemed  
47. Full of all wants, and many a land have made  
48. Disconsolate here now. She with such fear  
49. Overwhelmed me, at the sight of her appalled,  
50. That of the height all hope I lost. As one,  
51. Who with his gain elated, see the time  
52. When all unawares is gone, he inwardly  
53. Mourns with heart-gripping anguish; such was I,  
54. Haunted by that fell beast, never at peace,  
55. Who coming over against me, by degrees  
56. Impelled me where the sun in silence rests.

• • •

57. While to the lower space with backward step  
58. I fell, my ken discerned the form of one,  
59. Whose voice seemed faint through long disuse of speech.  
60. When him in that great desert I espied,  
61. "Have mercy on me!" Cried I out aloud,  
62. "Spirit! Or living man! What ever you be!"

• • •

64. He answered: "Now not man, man once I was,  
65. And born of Lombard parents, Mantuana both

66. By country, when the power of Julius yet  
67. Was scarcely firm. At Rome my life was past  
68. Beneath the mild Augustus, in the time  
69. Of fabled deities and false. A bard  
70. Was I, and made Anchises' upright son  
71. The subject of my song, who came from Troy,  
72. When the flames preyed on Illuminated haughty towers.  
73. But you, say wherefore to such perils past  
74. Return you? Wherefore not this pleasant mount  
75. Ascended, cause and source of all delight?"  
76. "And are you then that Virgil, that well-spring,  
77. From which such copious floods of eloquence  
78. Have issued?" I with front abashed replied.  
79. "Glory and light of all the tuneful train!  
80. May it avail me that I long with zeal  
81. Have sought your volume, and with love immense  
82. Have conned it over. My master you and guide!  
83. You he from who alone I have derived  
84. That style, which for its beauty into fame  
85. Exalts me. See the beast, from who I fled.  
86. O save me from her, you illustrious sage!"



87. "For every vein and pulse throughout my frame  
88. She have made tremble." He, soon as he saw  
89. That I was weeping, answered, "You must needs  
90. Another way pursue, if you would escape  
91. From out that savage wilderness. This beast,  
92. At who you cried, her way will suffer none  
93. To pass, and no less hindrance makes than death:  
94. So bad and so accursed in her kind,  
95. That never sated is her ravenous will,  
96. Still after food more craving than before.  
97. To many an animal in wedlock vile  
98. She fastens, and shall yet to many more,  
99. Until that greyhound come, who shall destroy



100. Her with sharp pain. He will not life support  
 101. By earth nor its base metals, but by love,  
 102. Wisdom, and virtue, and his land shall be  
 103. The land between either Feltro. In his might  
 104. Shall safety to Italias' plains arise,  
 105. For whose fair realm, Camilla, virgin pure,  
 106. Nisus, Euryalus, and Turnus fell.  
 107. He with incessant chase through every town  
 108. Shall worry, until he to hell at length  
 109. Restore her, then by envy first let loose.  
 110. I for your profit pondering now devise,  
 111. That you may follow me, and I your guide  
 112. Will lead you here through an eternal space,  
 113. Where you shall hear despairing shrieks, and see  
 114. Spirits of old tormented, who invoke  
 115. A second death; and those next view, who dwell  
 116. Content in fire, for that they hope to come,  
 117. Whenever the time may be, among the blessed,  
 118. Into whose regions if you then desire  
 119. To ascend, a spirit worthier than I  
 120. Must lead you, in whose charge, when I depart,  
 121. You shall be left: for that Almighty King,  
 122. Who reigns above, a rebel to his law,  
 123. Adjudges me, and therefore have decreed,  
 124. That to his city none through me should come.  
 125. He in all parts have sway; there rules, there holds  
 126. His citadel and throne. O happy those,  
 127. Who there he chooses!" I to him in few:  
 128. "Bard! By that God, who you did not adore,  
 129. I do beseech you (that this ill and worse  
 130. I may escape) to lead me, where you said,  
 131. That I Saint Peters' gate may view, and those  
 132. Who as you tell, are in such dismal plight."  
 133. Onward he moved, I close his steps pursued.

# CANTO II

## THE ARGUMENT

DISCOURAGEMENT  
BEATRICE CALLS VIRGIL

• • •

After the invocation, which poets are used to prefix to their works, he shows that, on a consideration of his own strength, he doubted whether it sufficed for the journey proposed to him, but that, being comforted by Virgil, he at last took courage, and followed him as his guide and master.

1. NOW was the day departing, and the air,  
 2. Brownd with shadows, from their toils released  
 3. All animals on earth; and I alone  
 4. Prepared myself the conflict to sustain,  
 5. Both of sad pity, and that perilous road,  
 6. Which my unerring memory shall retrace.  
 7. O Muses! O high genius! Now vouchsafe  
 8. Your aid! O mind! That all I saw have kept  
 9. Safe in a written record, here your worth  
 10. And eminent endowments come to proof.  
 11. I then began: "Bard! You who are my guide,  
 12. Consider well, if virtue be in me  
 13. Sufficient, here to this high enterprise  
 14. You trust me. You have told that Silvius' sire,  
 15. Yet clothed in corruptible flesh, among  
 16. The immortal tribes had entrance, and was there  
 17. Sensible present. Yet if heavens' great Lord,  
 18. Almighty foe to ill, such favour showed,  
 19. In contemplation of the high effect,  
 20. Both what and who from him should issue forth,  
 21. It seems in reasons' judgment well deserved:  
 22. Sith he of Rome, and of Romes' empire wide,  
 23. In heavens' empyrean height was chosen sire:  
 24. Both which, if truth be spoken, were ordained  
 25. And established for the holy place, where sits  
 26. Who to great Peters' sacred chair succeeds.  
 27. He from this journey, in your song renowned,  
 28. Learned things, that to his victory gave rise  
 29. And to the papal robe. In after-times  
 30. The chosen vessel also travelled there,  
 31. To bring us back assurance in that faith,  
 32. Which is the entrance to salvations' way.  
 33. But I, why should I there presume? Or who  
 34. Permits it? Not, Aeneas I nor Paul.  
 35. Myself I deem not worthy, and none else





BEATRICE APPEARS BEFORE VIRGIL IN LIMBO

36. Will deem me. I, if on this voyage then  
 37. I venture, fear it will in folly end.  
 38. You, who are wise, better my meaning know,  
 39. Than I can speak.” As one, who unresolved  
 40. What he have late resolved, and with new thoughts  
 41. Changes his purpose, from his first intent  
 42. Removed; even such was I on that dun coast,  
 43. Wasting in thought my enterprise, at first  
 44. So eagerly embraced. “If right your words  
 45. I scan,” replied that shade magnanimous,  
 46. “Your soul is by vile fear assailed, which often  
 47. So overcasts a man, that he recoils  
 48. From noblest resolution, like a beast  
 49. At some false semblance in the twilight gloom.  
 50. That from this terror you may free yourself,  
 51. I will instruct you why I came, and what  
 52. I heard in that same instant, when for you  
 53. Grief touched me first. I was among the tribe,  
 54. Who rest suspended, when a dame, so blessed  
 55. And lovely, I besought her to command,  
 56. Called me; her eyes were brighter than the star  
 57. Of day; and she with gentle voice and soft  
 58. Angelically tuned her speech addressed:  
 59. “O courteous shade of Mantua! You whose fame  
 60. Yet lives, and shall live long as nature lasts!  
 61. A friend, not of my fortune but myself,  
 62. On the wide desert in his road has met  
 63. Hindrance so great, that he through fear has turned.  
 64. Now much I dread lest he past help have strayed,  
 65. And I be risen too late for his relief,  
 66. From what in heaven of him I heard. Speed now,  
 67. And by your eloquent persuasive tongue,  
 68. And by all means for his deliverance meet,  
 69. Assist him. So to me will comfort spring.  
 70. I who now bid you on this errand forth  
 71. Am Beatrice; from a place I come



72. Revisited with joy. Love brought me then,  
 73. Who prompts my speech. When in my Masters' sight  
 74. I stand, your praise to him I often will tell."  
 75. She then was silent, and I then began:  
 76. "O Lady! By whose influence alone,  
 77. Mankind excels whatever is contained  
 78. Within that heaven which have the smallest orb,  
 79. So your command delights me, that to obey,  
 80. If it were done already, would seem late.  
 81. No need have you further to speak your will;  
 82. Yet tell the reason, why you are not loathe  
 83. To leave that ample space, where to return  
 84. You burns, for this centre here beneath."  
 85. She then: "Since you so deeply would inquire,  
 86. I will instruct you briefly, why no dread  
 87. Hinders my entrance here. Those things alone  
 88. Are to be feared, when evil may proceed,  
 89. None else, for none are terrible beside.  
 90. I am so framed by God, thanks to his grace!  
 91. That any sufferance of your misery  
 92. Touches me not, nor flame of that fierce fire  
 93. Assails me. In high heaven a blessed dame  
 94. Besides, who mourns with such effectual grief  
 95. That hindrance, which I send you to remove,  
 96. That Gods' stern judgment to her will inclines.  
 97. To Lucia calling, her she then spoke:  
 98. "Now does your faithful servant need your aid  
 99. And I commend him to you." At her word  
 100. Sped Lucia, of all cruelty the foe,  
 101. And coming to the place, where I abode  
 102. Seated with Rachel, her of ancient days,  
 103. She then addressed me: "You true praise of God!  
 104. Beatrice! Why is not your succour lent  
 105. To him, who so much loved you, as to leave

106. For your sake all the multitude admires?  
 107. Does you not hear how pitiful his wail,  
 108. Nor mark the death, which in the torrent flood,  
 109. Swollen mightier than a sea, him struggling holds?"  
 110. Never among men did any with such speed  
 111. Haste to their profit, flee from their annoy,  
 112. As when these words were spoken, I came here,  
 113. Down from my blessed seat, trusting the force  
 114. Of your pure eloquence, which you, and all  
 115. Who well have marked it, into honour brings."  
 116. "When she had ended, her bright beaming eyes  
 117. Tearful she turned aside; whereat I felt  
 118. Redoubled zeal to serve you. As she willed,  
 119. Then am I come: I saved you from the beast,  
 120. Who your near way across the goodly mount  
 121. Prevented. What is this comes over you then?  
 122. Why, why does you hang back? Why in your breast  
 123. Harbour vile fear? Why have not courage there  
 124. And noble daring? Since three maids so blessed  
 125. Your safety plan, even in the court of heaven;  
 126. And so much certain good my words forebode."  
 127. As florets, by the frosty air of night  
 128. Bent down and closed, when day has blanched their leaves,  
 129. Rise all unfolded on their spiry stems;  
 130. So was my fainting vigour new restored,  
 131. And to my heart such kindly courage ran,  
 132. That I as one undaunted soon replied:  
 133. "O full of pity she, who undertook  
 134. My succour! And you kind who did perform  
 135. So soon her true behest! With such desire  
 136. You have disposed me to renew my voyage,  
 137. That my first purpose fully is resumed.  
 138. Lead on: one only will is in us both.  
 139. You are my guide, my master you, and lord."  
 140. So spoke I; and when he had onward moved,  
 141. I entered on the deep and woody way.

# CANTO III

## THE ARGUMENT

THE GATE OF HELL  
CHARON: THE OLD MAN IN THE BOAT

• • •

Dante, following Virgil, comes to the gate of Hell; where, after having read the dreadful words that are written thereon, they both enter. Here, as he understands from Virgil, those were punished who had passed their time (*for living it could not be called*) in a state of apathy and indifference both to good and evil. Then pursuing their way, they arrive at the river Acheron; and there find the old ferryman Charon, who takes the spirits over to the opposite shore; which as soon as Dante reaches, he is seized with terror, and falls into a trance.

1. "Through me you pass into the city of woe:  
2. Through me you pass into eternal pain:  
3. Through me among the people lost for aye.  
4. Justice the founder of my fabric moved:  
5. To rear me was the task of power divine,  
6. Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.  
7. Before me things create were none, save things  
8. Eternal, and eternal I endure.

• • •

9. "All hope abandon you who enter here."

• • •

10. Such characters in colour dim I marked  
11. Over a portals' lofty arch inscribed:  
12. Whereat I then: "Master, these words import  
13. Hard meaning." He as one prepared replied:  
14. "Here you must all distrust behind you leave;  
15. Here be vile fear extinguished. We are come  
16. Where I have told you we shall see the souls  
17. To misery doomed, who intellectual good  
18. Have lost." And when his hand he had stretched forth  
19. To mine, with pleasant looks, when I was cheered,  
20. Into that secret place he led me on.

• • •

21. Here sighs with lamentations and loud moans  
22. Resounded through the air pierced by no star,  
23. That even I wept at entering. Various tongues,  
24. Horrible languages, outcries of woe,  
25. Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,  
26. With hands together struck that swelled the sounds,  
27. Made up a tumult, that for ever whirls  
28. Round through that air with solid darkness stained,  
29. Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.

• • •

31. I then, with error yet encompassed, cried:  
32. "O master! What is this I hear? What race



ALL HOPE ABANDON YOU WHO ENTER HERE.



33. Are these, who seem so overcome with woe?"

• • •

34. He then to me: "This miserable fate  
35. Suffer the wretched souls of those, who lived  
36. Without or praise or blame, with that ill band  
37. Of angels mixed, who nor rebellious proved  
38. Nor yet were true to God, but for themselves  
39. Were only. From his bounds Heaven drove them forth,  
40. Not to impair his lustre, nor the depth  
41. Of Hell receives them, lest the accursed tribe  
42. Should glory then with exultation vain."

• • •

43. I then: "Master! What does aggrrieve them then,  
44. That they lament so loud?" He straight replied:  
45. "That will I tell you briefly. These of death  
46. No hope may entertain: and their blind life  
47. So meanly passes, that all other lots  
48. They envy. Fame of them the world have none,  
49. Nor suffers; mercy and justice scorn them both.  
50. Speak not of them, but look, and pass them by."

• • •

51. And I, who straight-away looked, beheld a flag,  
52. Which whirling ran around so rapidly,  
53. That it no pause obtained: and following came  
54. Such a long train of spirits, I should never  
55. Have thought, that death so many had despoiled.

• • •

56. When some of these I recognized, I saw  
57. And knew the shade of him, who to base fear  
58. Yielding, abjured his high estate. Forthwith  
59. I understood for certain this the tribe  
60. Of those ill spirits both to God displeasing  
61. And to his foes. These wretches, who never lived,  
62. Went on in nakedness, and sorely stung  
63. By wasps and hornets, which bedewed their cheeks  
64. With blood, that mixed with tears dropped to their feet,

65. And by disgustful worms was gathered there.

• • •

66. Then looking further onwards I beheld  
67. A throng upon the shore of a great stream:  
68. Whereat I then: "Sir! Grant me now to know  
69. Who here we view, and when impelled they seem  
70. So eager to pass over, as I discern  
71. Through the blar light?" He then to me in few:  
72. "This shall you know, soon as our steps arrive  
73. Beside the woeful tide of Acheron."

• • •

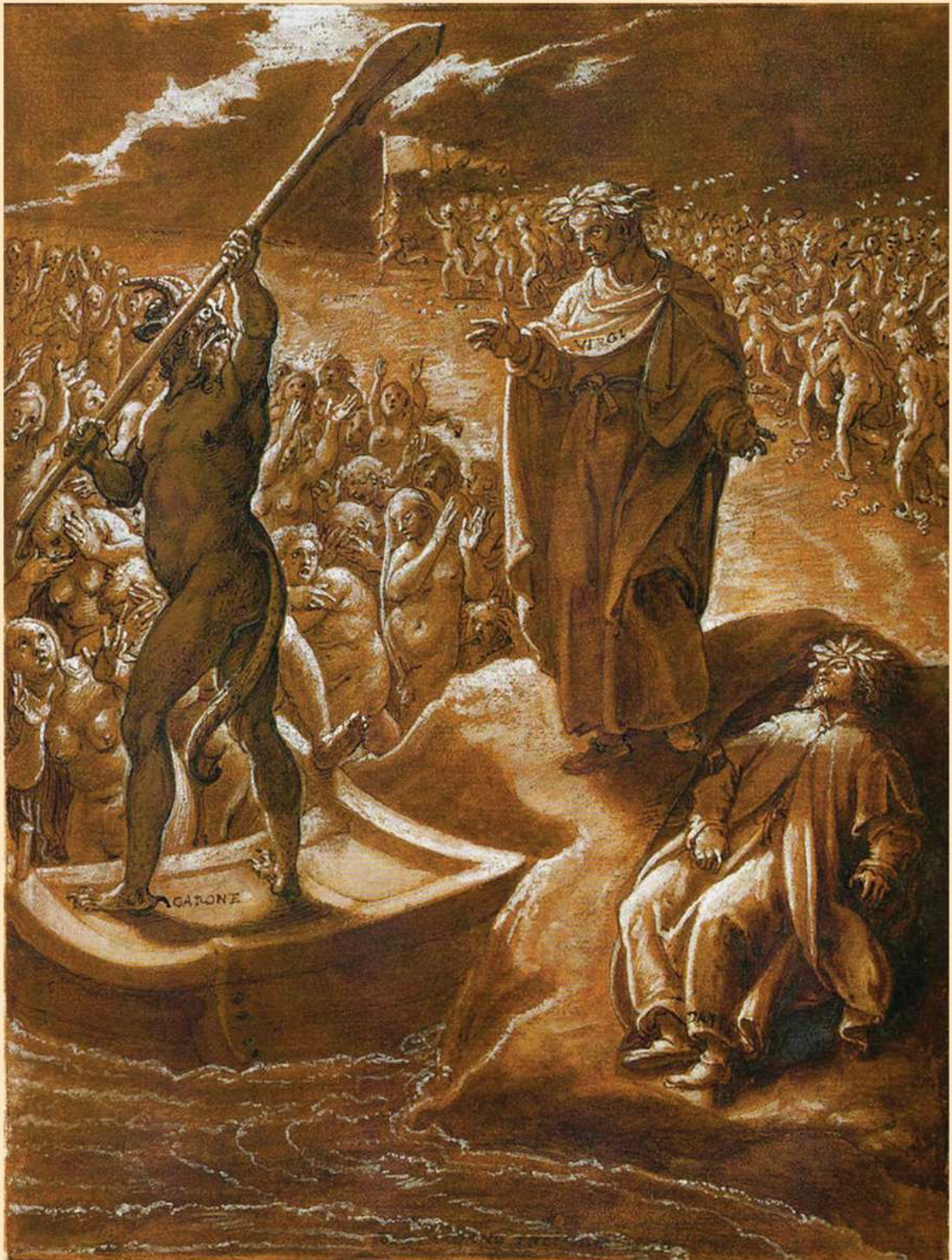
74. Then with eyes downward cast and filled with shame,  
75. Fearing my words offensive to his ear,  
76. Till we had reached the river, I from speech  
77. Abstained. And lo! Toward us in a bark  
78. Comes on an old man hoary white with age,

• • •

79. Crying, "Woe to you wicked spirits! Hope not  
80. Ever to see the sky again. I come  
81. To take you to the other shore across,  
82. Into eternal darkness, there to dwell  
83. In fierce heat and in ice. And you, who there  
84. Stands, live spirit! Get you here, and leave  
85. These who are dead." But soon as he beheld  
86. I left them not, "By other way," said he,  
87. "By other haven shall you come to shore,  
88. Not by this passage; you a nimbler boat  
89. Must carry." Then to him then spoke my guide:  
90. "Charon! Yourself torment not: so it is willed,  
91. Where will and power are one: ask you no more."

• • •

92. Straight-away in silence fell the shaggy cheeks  
93. Of him the boatman over the livid lake,  
94. Around whose eyes glared wheeling flames. Meanwhile  
95. Those spirits, faint and naked, color changed,  
96. And gnashed their teeth, soon as the cruel words



COMES ON AN OLD MAN HOARY WHITE WITH AGE (CHARON)



97. They heard. God and their parents they blasphemed,  
98. The human kind, the place, the time, and seed  
99. That did engender them and give them birth.

• • •

100. Then all together sorely wailing drew  
101. To the cursed strand, that every man must pass  
102. Who fears not God. Charon, demoniac form,  
103. With eyes of burning coal, collects them all,  
104. Beckoning, and each, that lingers, with his oar  
105. Strikes. As fall off the light autumnal leaves,  
106. One still another following, till the bough  
107. Strews all its honours on the earth beneath;

• • •

108. Even in like manner Adams' evil brood  
109. Cast themselves one by one down from the shore,  
110. Each at a beck, as falcon at his call.

• • •

111. Then go they over through the umbered wave,  
112. And ever they on the opposing bank  
113. Be landed, on this side another throng  
114. Still gathers. "Son," then spoke the courteous guide,  
115. "Those, who die subject to the wrath of God,  
116. All here together come from every clime,  
117. And to overpass the river are not loathe:  
118. For so heavens' justice goads them on, that fear  
119. Is turned into desire. Here never have past  
120. Good spirit. If of you Charon complain,  
121. Now may you know the import of his words."

• • •

122. This said, the gloomy region trembling shook  
123. So terribly, that yet with clammy dews  
124. Fear chills my brow. The sad earth gave a blast,  
125. That, lightening, shot forth a vermilion flame,  
126. Which all my senses conquered quite, and I  
127. Down dropped, as one with sudden slumber seized.

# CANTO IV

## THE ARGUMENT

### LIMBO

#### THE VIRTUOUS HEATHENS



The Poet, being roused by a clap of thunder, and following his guide onwards, descends into Limbo, which is the first circle of Hell, where he finds the souls of those who, although they have lived virtuously, and have not to suffer for great sins, nevertheless, through lack of baptism, merit not the bliss of Paradise. Here he is led on by Virgil to descend into the second circle.

1. Broke the deep slumber in my brain a crash  
2. Of heavy thunder, that I shook myself,  
3. As one by main force roused. Risen upright,  
4. My rested eyes I moved around, and searched  
5. With fixed ken to know what place it was,  
6. Wherein I stood. For certain on the brink  
7. I found me of the lamentable valley,  
8. The dread abyss, that joins a thunderous sound  
9. Of plaints innumerable. Dark and deep,  
10. And thick with clouds overspread, my eye in vain  
11. Explored its bottom, nor could aught discern.

• • •

12. “Now let us to the blind world there beneath  
13. Descend;” the bard began all pale of look:  
14. “I go the first, and you shall follow next.”

• • •

15. Then I his altered hue perceiving, then:  
16. “How may I speed, if you yields to dread,  
17. Who still are wont to comfort me in doubt?”

• • •

18. He then: “The anguish of that race below  
19. With pity stains my cheek, which you for fear  
20. Mistake. Let us on. Our length of way  
21. Urges to haste.” Onward, this said, he moved;  
22. And entering led me with him on the bounds  
23. Of the first circle, that surrounds the abyss.  
24. Here, as my ear could note, no plaint was heard  
25. Except of sighs, that made the eternal air  
26. Tremble, not caused by tortures, but from grief  
27. Felt by those multitudes, many and vast,  
28. Of men, women, and infants. Then to me  
29. The gentle guide: “Inquires you not what spirits  
30. Are these, which you behold? Here you pass  
31. Further, I would you know, that these of sin  
32. Were blameless; and if aught they merited,

33. It profits not, since baptism was not theirs,  
34. The portal to your faith. If they before  
35. The Gospel lived, they served not God aright;  
36. And among such am I. For these defects,  
37. And for no other evil, we are lost;

• • •

38. “Only so far afflicted, that we live  
39. Desiring without hope.” So grief assailed  
40. My heart at hearing this, for well I knew  
41. Suspended in that Limbo many a soul  
42. Of mighty worth. “O tell me, sire revered!  
43. Tell me, my master!” I began through wish  
44. Of full assurance in that holy faith,  
45. Which vanquishes all error; “say, did ever  
46. Any, or through his own or others’ merit,  
47. Come forth from then, who afterward was blessed?”

• • •

48. Piercing the secret purport of my speech,  
49. He answered: “I was new to that estate,  
50. When I beheld a puissant one arrive  
51. Amongst us, with victorious trophy crowned.  
52. He forth the shade of our first parent drew,  
53. Abel his child, and Noah righteous man,  
54. Of Moses lawgiver for faith approved,  
55. Of patriarch Abraham, and David king,  
56. Israel with his sire and with his sons,  
57. Nor without Rachel who so hard he won,  
58. And others many more, who he to bliss  
59. Exalted. Before these, be you assured,  
60. No spirit of human kind was ever saved.”

• • •

61. We, while he spoke, ceased not our onward road,  
62. Still passing through the wood; for so I name  
63. Those spirits thick beset. We were not far  
64. On this side from the summit, when I kenned

65. A flame, that over the darkened hemisphere  
66. Prevailing shined. Yet we a little space  
67. Were distant, not so far but I in part  
68. Discovered, that a tribe in honour high  
69. That place possessed. "O you, who every are  
70. And science value! Who are these, that boast  
71. Such honour, separate from all the rest?"

• • •

72. He answered: "The renown of their great names  
73. That echoes through your world above, acquires  
74. Favour in heaven, which holds them then advanced."  
75. Meantime a voice I heard: "Honour the bard  
76. Sublime! His shade returns that left us late!"  
77. No sooner ceased the sound, than I beheld  
78. Four mighty spirits toward us bend their steps,  
79. Of semblance neither sorrowful nor glad.

• • •

80. When then my master kind began: "Mark him,  
81. Who in his right hand bears that falcon keen,  
82. The other three preceding, as their lord.  
83. This is that Homer, of all bards supreme:  
84. Flaccus the next in satires' vein excelling;  
85. The third is Naso; Lucan is the last.  
86. Because they all that appellation own,  
87. With which the voice singly accosted me,  
88. Honouring they greet me then, and well they judge."

• • •

89. So I beheld united the bright school  
90. Of him the monarch of sublimest song,  
91. That over the others like an eagle soars.  
92. When they together short discourse had held,  
93. They turned to me, with salutation kind  
94. Beckoning me; at the which my master smiled:  
95. Nor was this all; but greater honour still  
96. They gave me, for they made me of their tribe;





THE CASTLE IN THE FIRST CIRCLE OF HELL

97. And I was sixth amid so learned a band.

• • •

98. Far as the luminous beacon on we passed  
99. Speaking of matters, then befitting well  
100. To speak, now fitter left untold. At foot  
101. Of a magnificent castle we arrived,  
102. Seven times with lofty walls begirt, and round  
103. Defended by a pleasant stream. Over this  
104. As over dry land we passed. Next through seven gates  
105. I with those sages entered, and we came  
106. Into a meadow with lively verdure fresh.

• • •

107. There dwelt a race, who slow their eyes around  
108. Majestically moved, and in their port  
109. Bore eminent authority; they spoke  
110. Seldom, but all their words were tuneful sweet.

• • •

111. We to one side retired, into a place  
112. Open and bright and lofty, when each one  
113. Stood manifest to view. Incontinent  
114. There on the green enamel of the plain  
115. Were shown me the great spirits, by whose sight  
116. I am exalted in my own esteem.

• • •

117. Electra there I saw accompanied  
118. By many, among who Hector I knew,  
119. Anchises' pious son, and with hawks' eye  
120. Caesar all armed, and by Camilla there  
121. Penthesilea. On the other side  
122. Old King Latinus, seated by his child  
123. Lavinia, and that Brutus I beheld,  
124. Who Tarquin chased, Lucretia, Catos' wife  
125. Marcia, with Julia and Cornelia there;  
126. And sole apart retired, the Soldan fierce.  
127. Then when a little more I raised my brow,

128. I spied the master of the sapient throng,  
129. Seated amid the philosophic train.  
130. Him all admire, all pay him reverence due.  
131. There Socrates and Plato both I marked,  
132. Nearest to him in rank; Democritus,  
133. Who sets the world at chance, Diogenes,  
134. With Heraclitus, and Empedocles,  
135. And Anaxagoras, and Thales sage,  
136. Zeno, and Dioscorides well read  
137. In natures' secret lore. Orpheus I marked  
138. And Linus, Tully and moral Seneca,  
139. Euclid and Ptolemy, Hippocrates,  
140. Galenus, Avicen, and him who made  
141. That commentary vast, Averroes.

• • •

142. Of all to speak at full were vain attempt;  
143. For my wide theme so urges, that often times  
144. My words fall short of what be chanced. In two  
145. The six associates part. Another way  
146. My sage guide leads me, from that air serene,  
147. Into a climate ever vexed with storms:  
148. And to a part I come where no light shines.



# CANTO V

## THE ARGUMENT

THE SECOND CIRCLE  
PAOLO AND FRANCESCA

• • •

Coming into the second circle of Hell, Dante at the entrance beholds Minos the infernal Judge, by who he is admonished to beware how he enters those regions. Here he witnesses the punishment of carnal sinners, who are tossed about ceaselessly in the dark air by the most furious winds. Amongst these, he meets with Francesca of Rimini, through pity at whose sad tale he falls fainting to the ground.

1. From the first circle I descended then  
2. Down to the second, which, a lesser space  
3. Embracing, so much more of grief contains  
4. Provoking bitter moans. There, Minos stands  
5. Grinning with ghastly feature: he, of all  
6. Who enter, strict examining the crimes,

• • •

7. Gives sentence, and dismisses them beneath,  
8. According as he folded him around:  
9. For when before him comes the ill fated soul,  
10. It all confesses; and that judge severe  
11. Of sins, considering what place in hell  
12. Suits the transgression, with his tail so often  
13. Himself encircles, as degrees beneath  
14. He dooms it to descend. Before him stand  
15. Always a numerous throng; and in his turn  
16. Each one to judgment passing, speaks, and hears  
16. His fate, then downward to his dwelling hurled.

• • •

17. “O you! Who to this residence of woe  
18. Approaches?” When he saw me coming, cried  
19. Minos, relinquishing his dread employ,  
20. “Look how you enter here; beware in who  
21. You place your trust; let not the entrance broad  
22. Deceive you to your harm.” To him my guide:  
23. “Wherefore exclaims? Hinder not his way  
24. By destiny appointed; so it is willed  
25. Where will and power are one. Ask you no more.”

• • •

26. Now begin the rueful wailings to be heard.  
27. Now am I come where many a plaining voice  
28. Smites on my ear. Into a place I came  
29. Where light was silent all. Bellowing there groaned  
30. A noise as of a sea in tempest torn  
31. By warring winds. The stormy blast of hell

32. With restless fury drives the spirits on  
33. Whirled round and dashed amain with sore annoy.

• • •

34. When they arrive before the ruinous sweep,  
35. There shrieks are heard, there lamentations, moans,  
36. And blasphemies against the good Power in heaven.

• • •

37. I understood that to this torment sad  
38. The carnal sinners are condemned, in who  
39. Reason by lust is swayed. As in large troops  
40. And multitudinous, when winter reigns,  
41. The starlings on their wings are borne abroad;  
42. So bears the tyrannous gust those evil souls.  
43. On this side and on that, above, below,  
44. It drives them: hope of rest to solace them  
45. Is none, nor even of milder pang. As cranes,  
46. Chanting their dolorous notes, traverse the sky,  
47. Stretched out in long array: so I beheld  
48. Spirits, who came loud wailing, hurried on  
49. By their dire doom. Then I: "Instructor! Who  
50. Are these, by the black air so scourged?"—"The first  
51. Among those, of who you questioned," he replied,  
52. "Over many tongues was empress. She in vice  
53. Of luxury was so shameless, that she made  
54. Liking be lawful by promulgated decree,  
55. To clear the blame she had herself incurred.  
56. This is Semiramis, of who it is writ,  
57. That she succeeded Ninus her espoused;  
58. And held the land, which now the Soldan rules.  
59. The next in amorous fury slew herself,  
60. And to Sicheus' ashes broke her faith:  
61. Then follows Cleopatra, lustful queen."

• • •

62. There marked I Helen, for whose sake so long  
63. The time was fraught with evil; there the great

64. Achilles, who with love fought to the end.  
65. Paris I saw, and Tristan; and beside  
66. A thousand more he showed me, and by name  
67. Pointed them out, who love bereaved of life.

• • •

68. When I had heard my sage instructor name  
69. Those dames and knights of antique days, overpowered  
70. By pity, well-nigh in amaze my mind  
71. Was lost; and I began: "Bard! Willingly  
72. I would address those two together coming,  
73. Which seem so light before the wind." He then:  
74. "Note you, when nearer they to us approach.

• • •

75. "Then by that love which carries them along,  
76. Entreat; and they will come." Soon as the wind  
77. Swayed them toward us, I then framed my speech:  
78. "O wearied spirits! Come, and hold discourse  
79. With us, if by none else restrained." As doves  
80. By fond desire invited, on wide wings  
81. And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,  
82. Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;  
83. Then issued from that troop, where Dido ranks,  
84. They through the ill air speeding; with such force  
85. My cry prevailed by strong affection urged.

• • •

86. "O gracious creature and benign! Who go  
87. Visiting, through this element obscure,  
88. Us, who the world with bloody stain imbued;  
89. If for a friend the King of all we owned,  
90. Our prayer to him should for your peace arise,  
91. Since you have pity on our evil plight.  
92. Of whatsoever to hear or to discourse  
93. It pleases you, that will we hear, of that  
94. Freely with you discourse, while ever the wind,  
95. As now, is mute. The land, that gave me birth,





LOVE BROUGHT US TO ONE DEATH: CAINA WAITS.



96. Is situate on the coast, where Po descends  
97. To rest in ocean with his sequent streams.

• • •

98. “Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learned,  
99. Entangled him by that fair form, from me  
100. Taken in such cruel sort, as grieves me still:  
101. Love, that denial takes from none beloved,  
102. Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,  
103. That, as you see, he yet deserts me not.

• • •

104. “Love brought us to one death: Caina waits  
105. The soul, who spilled our life.” Such were their words;  
106. At hearing which downward I bent my looks,  
107. And held them there so long, that the bard cried:  
108. “What are you pondering?” I in answer then:  
109. “Alas! By what sweet thoughts, what fond desire  
110. Must they at length to that ill pass have reached!”

• • •

111. Then turning, I to them my speech addressed.  
112. And then began: “Francesca! Your sad fate  
113. Even to tears my grief and pity moves.  
114. But tell me; in the time of your sweet sighs,  
115. By what, and how love granted, that you knew  
116. Your yet uncertain wishes?” She replied:  
117. “No greater grief than to remember days  
118. Of joy, when misery is at hand! That kens  
119. Your learned instructor. Yet so eagerly  
120. If you are bent to know the primal root,  
121. From when our love gat being, I will do,  
122. As one, who weeps and tells his tale. One day  
123. For our delight we read of Lancelot,  
124. How him love thrall’d. Alone we were, and no  
125. Suspicion near us. Often times by that reading  
126. Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue  
127. Fled from our altered cheek. But at one point

128.           Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,  
129.           The wished smile, rapturously kissed  
130.           By one so deep in love, then he, who never  
131.           From me shall separate, at once my lips  
132.           All trembling kissed. The book and writer both  
133.           Were loves' purveyors. In its leaves that day  
134.           We read no more." While then one spirit spoke,  
135.           The other wailed so sorely, that heart struck  
136.           I through compassion fainting, seemed not far  
137.           From death, and like a corpse fell to the ground.

# CANTO VI

## THE ARGUMENT

THE THIRD CIRCLE  
CIACCO: THE GLUTTONS

• • •

On his recovery, the poet finds himself in the third circle, where the gluttonous are punished. Their torment is, to lie in the mire, under a continual and heavy storm of hail, snow, and discolored water; Cerberus meanwhile barking over them with his threefold throat, and rending them piecemeal. One of these, who on earth was named Ciaccio, foretells the divisions with which Florence is about to be distracted. Dante proposes a question to his guide, who solves it; and they proceed toward the fourth circle.

1. My sense reviving, that herewhile had drooped  
2. With pity for the kindred shades, when grief  
3. Overcame me wholly, straight around I see  
4. New torments, new tormented souls, which way  
5. Soever I move, or turn, or bend my sight.  
6. In the third circle I arrive, of showers  
7. Ceaseless, accursed, heavy, and cold, unchanged  
8. For ever, both in kind and in degree.  
9. Large hail, discoloured water, sleety flaw  
10. Through the dun midnight air streamed down amain:  
11. Stank all the land whereon that tempest fell.

• • •

12. Cerberus, cruel monster, fierce and strange,  
13. Through his wide threefold throat barks as a dog  
14. Over the multitude immersed beneath.  
15. His eyes glare crimson, black his unctuous beard,  
16. His belly large, and clawed the hands, with which  
17. He tears the spirits, flays them, and their limbs  
18. Piecemeal disparts. Howling there spread, as curs,  
19. Under the rainy deluge, with one side  
20. The other screening, often they roll them round,  
21. A wretched, godless crew. When that great worm  
22. Descried us, savage Cerberus, he opened  
23. His jaws, and the fangs showed us; not a limb  
24. Of him but trembled. Then my guide, his palms  
25. Expanding on the ground, then filled with earth  
26. Raised them, and cast it in his ravenous maw.

• • •

27. Even as a dog, that yelling bays for food  
28. His keeper, when the morsel comes, lets fall  
29. His fury, bent alone with eager haste  
30. To swallow it; so dropped the loathsome cheeks  
31. Of demon Cerberus, who thundering stuns  
32. The spirits, that they for deafness wish in vain.

33. We, over the shades thrown prostrate by the brunt  
34. Of the heavy tempest passing, set our feet  
35. Upon their emptiness, that substance seemed.

• • •

36. They all along the earth extended lay  
37. Save one, that sudden raised himself to sits,  
38. Soon as that way he saw us pass. "O you!"  
39. He cried, "who through the infernal shades are led,  
40. Own, if again you know me. You was framed  
41. Or here my frame was broken." I replied:  
42. "The anguish you endures perchance so takes  
43. Your form from my remembrance, that it seems  
44. As if I saw you never. But inform  
45. Me who you are, that in a place so sad  
46. Art set, and in such torment, that although  
47. Other be greater, more disgustful none  
48. Can be imagined." He in answer then:

• • •

49. "Your city heaped with envy to the brim,  
50. Aye that the measure overflows its bounds,  
51. Held me in brighter days. You citizens  
52. Were wont to name me Ciacco. For the sin  
53. Of gluttony, damned vice, beneath this rain,  
54. Even as you see, I with fatigue am worn;  
55. Nor I sole spirit in this woe: all these  
56. Have by like crime incurred like punishment."

• • •

57. No more he said, and I my speech resumed:  
58. "Ciacco! Your dire affliction grieves me much,  
59. Even to tears. But tell me, if you know,  
60. What shall at length befall the citizens  
61. Of the divided city; whether any just one  
62. Inhabit there: and tell me of the cause,  
63. When jarring discord have assailed it then?"





FOR THE SIN OF GLUTTONY, DAMNED VICE, BENEATH THIS RAIN

64. He then: "After long striving they will come  
65. To blood; and the wild party from the woods  
66. Will chase the other with much injury forth.  
67. Then it behoves, that this must fall, within  
68. Three solar circles; and the other rise  
69. By borrowed force of one, who under shore  
70. Now rests. It shall a long space hold aloof  
71. Its forehead, keeping under heavy weight  
72. The other oppressed, indignant at the load,  
73. And grieving sore. The just are two in number,  
74. But they neglected. Avarice, envy, pride,  
75. Three fatal sparks, have set the hearts of all  
76. On fire." Here ceased the lamentable sound;  
77. And I continued then: "Still would I learn  
78. More from you, further parley still entreat.  
79. Of Farinata and Tegghiaio say,  
80. They who so well deserved, of Giacopo,  
81. Arrigo, Mosca, and the rest, who bent  
82. Their minds on working good. Oh! Tell me where  
83. They bide, and to their knowledge let me come.  
84. For I am pressed with keen desire to hear,  
85. If heavens' sweet cup or poisonous drug of hell  
86. Be to their lip assigned." He answered straight:  
87. "These are yet blacker spirits. Various crimes  
88. Have sunk them deeper in the dark abyss.  
89. If you so far descended, you may see them.  
90. But to the pleasant world when you return,  
91. Of me make mention, I entreat you, there.  
92. No more I tell you, answer you no more."

• • •

93. This said, his fixed eyes he turned askance,  
94. A little eyed me, then bent down his head,  
95. And amidst his blind companions with it fell.

• • •

96. When then my guide: "No more his bed he leaves,



97. Here the last angel-trumpet blow. The Power  
98. Adverse to these shall then in glory come,  
99. Each one forthwith to his sad tomb repair,  
100. Resume his fleshly vesture and his form,  
101. And hear the eternal doom re-echoing rend  
102. The vault.” So passed we through that mixture foul  
103. Of spirits and rain, with tardy steps; meanwhile  
104. Touching, though slightly, on the life to come.  
105. For then I questioned: “Shall these tortures, Sir!  
106. When the great sentence passes, be increased,  
107. Or mitigated, or as now severe?”

• • •

108. He then: “Consult your knowledge; that decides  
109. That as each thing to more perfection grows,  
110. It feels more sensibly both good and pain.  
111. Though never to true perfection may arrive  
112. This race accursed, yet nearer then than now  
113. They shall approach it.” Compassing that path  
114. Circuitous we journeyed, and discourse  
115. Much more than I relate between us passed:  
116. Till at the point, where the steps led below,  
117. Arrived, there Plutus, the great foe, we found.

# CANTO VII

## THE ARGUMENT

### THE FOURTH CIRCLE HOARDERS: SPENDTHRIFTS

• • •

In the present canto Dante describes his descent into the fourth circle, at the beginning of which he see Plutus stationed. Here one like doom awaits the prodigal and the avaricious; which is, to meet in direful conflict, rolling great weights against each other with mutual upbraidings. From here Virgil takes occasion to show how vain the goods which are committed into the charge of Fortune, and this moves our author to inquire what being that Fortune is, of who he speaks: which question being resolved, they go down into the fifth circle, where they find the wrathful and gloomy tormented in the Stygian lake. Having made a compass round great part of this lake, they come at last to the base of a lofty tower.

1. "Ah me! O Satan! Satan!" Loud exclaimed  
2. Plutus, in accent hoarse of wild alarm:  
3. And the kind sage, who no event surprised,  
4. To comfort me then spoke: "Let not your fear  
5. Harm you, for power in him, be sure, is none  
6. To hinder down this rock your safe descent."  
7. Then to that sworn lip turning, "Peace!" He cried,

• • •

8. "Cursed wolf! Your fury inward on yourself  
9. Prey, and consume you! Through the dark profound  
10. Not without cause he passes. So it is willed  
11. On high, there where the great Archangel poured  
12. Heavens' vengeance on the first adulterer proud."

• • •

14. As sails full spread and bellying with the wind  
15. Drop suddenly collapsed, if the mast split;  
16. So to the ground down dropped the cruel fiend.

17. Then we, descending to the fourth steep ledge,  
18. Gained on the dismal shore, that all the woe  
19. Hems in of all the universe. Ah me!  
20. Almighty Justice! In what store you heap  
21. New pains, new troubles, as I here beheld!  
22. Wherefore does fault of ours bring us to this?

• • •

23. Even as a billow, on Charybdis rising,  
24. Against encountered billow dashing breaks;  
25. Such is the dance this wretched race must lead,  
26. Who more than elsewhere numerous here I found,  
27. From one side and the other, with loud voice,  
28. Both rolled on weights by main forge of their breasts,  
29. Then struck together, and each one forthwith  
30. Rolled them back voluble, turning again,  
31. Exclaiming these, "Why hold you so fast?"  
32. Those answering, "And why cast you away?"



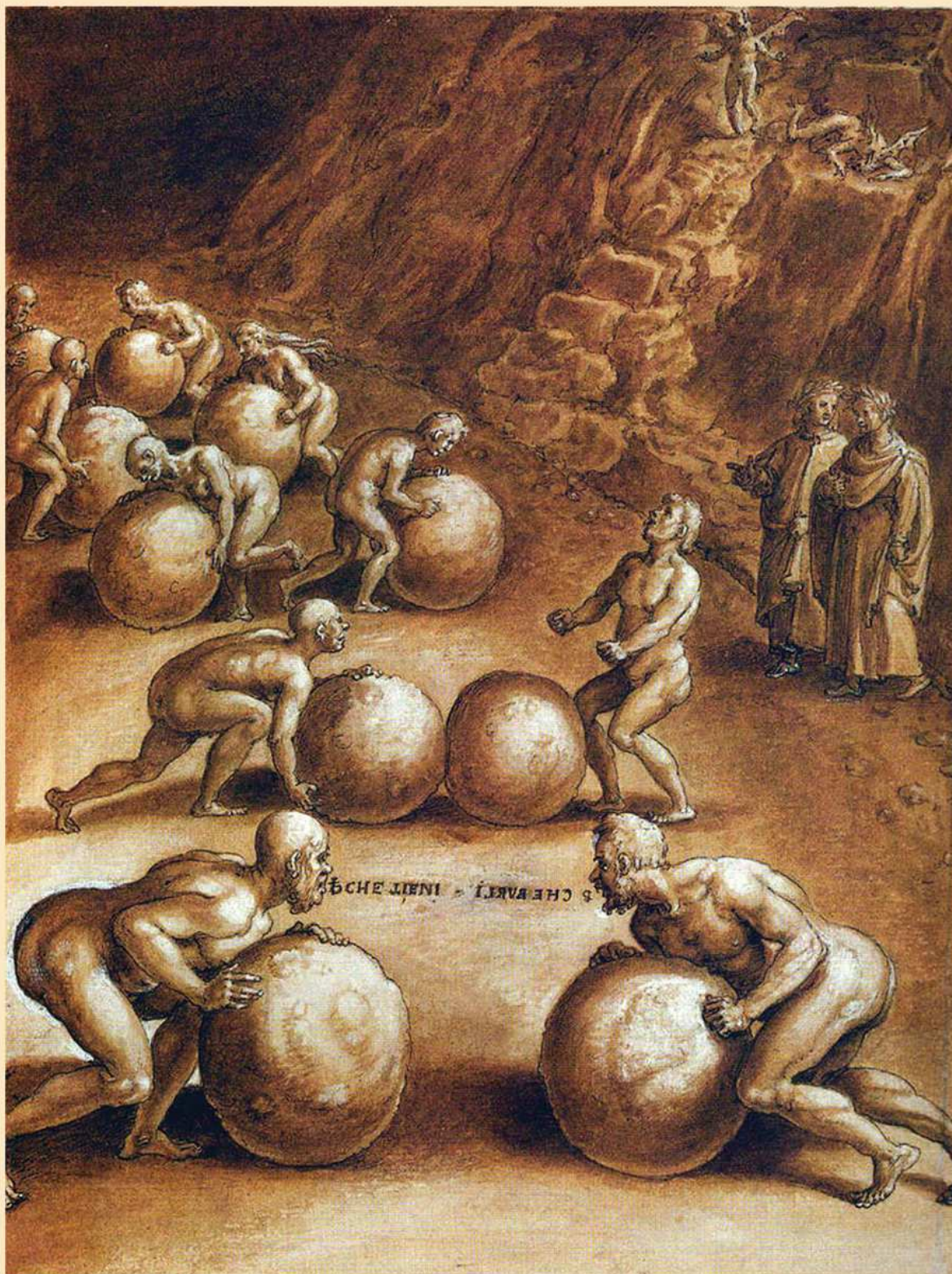
33.                   So still repeating their spiteful song,  
34.                   They to the opposite point on either hand  
35.                   Traversed the horrid circle: then arrived,  
36. Both turned them round, and through the middle space  
37.                   Conflicting met again. At sight whereof  
38.                   I, stung with grief, then spoke: "O say, my guide!  
39. What race is this? Were these, whose heads are shorn,  
40.                   On our left hand, all separate to the church?"

• • •

41.                   He straight replied: "In their first life these all  
42.                   In mind were so distorted, that they made,  
43.                   According to due measure, of their wealth,  
44.                   No use. This clearly from their words collect,  
45.                   Which they howl forth, at each extremity  
46.                   Arriving of the circle, where their crime  
47.                   Contrary in kind disparts them. To the church  
48.                   Were separate those, that with no hairy cowls  
49.                   Are crowned, both Popes and Cardinals, over who  
50.                   Avarice dominion absolute maintains."

• • •

51.                   I then: "Mid such as these some needs must be,  
52.                   Who I shall recognise, that with the blot  
53.                   Of these foul sins were stained." He answering then:  
54.                   "Vain thought conceive you. That ignoble life,  
55. Which made them vile before, now makes them dark,  
56.                   And to all knowledge indiscernible.  
57.                   Forever they shall meet in this rude shock:  
58. These from the tomb with clenched grasp shall rise,  
59.                   Those with close-shaven locks. That ill they gave,  
60.                   And ill they kept, have of the beauteous world  
61.                   Deprived, and set them at this strife, which needs  
62.                   No laboured phrase of mine to set it off.  
63. Now may you see, my son! How brief, how vain,  
64.                   The goods committed into fortunes' hands,  
65.                   For which the human race keep such a coil!  
66.                   Not all the gold, that is beneath the moon,



HOARDERS AND SPENDTHRIFTS



67. Or ever have been, of these toil-worn souls  
68. Might purchase rest for one." I then rejoined:

• • •

69. "My guide! Of you this also would I learn;  
70. This fortune, that you speak of, what it is,  
71. Whose talons grasp the blessings of the world?"

• • •

72. He then: "O beings blind! What ignorance  
73. Besets you? Now my judgment hear and mark.  
74. He, whose transcendent wisdom passes all,  
75. The heavens creating, gave them ruling powers  
76. To guide them, so that each part shines to each,  
77. Their light in equal distribution poured.  
78. By similar appointment he ordained  
79. Over the worlds' bright images to rule  
80. Superintendence of a guiding hand  
81. And general minister, which at due time  
82. May change the empty vantages of life  
83. From race to race, from one to others' blood,  
84. Beyond prevention of mans' wisest care:  
85. Wherefore one nation rises into sway,  
86. Another languishes, even as her will  
87. Decrees, from us concealed, as in the grass  
88. The serpent train. Against her nought avails  
89. Your utmost wisdom. She with foresight plans,  
90. Judges, and carries on her reign, as theirs  
91. The other powers divine. Her changes know  
92. None intermission: by necessity  
93. She is made swift, so frequent come who claim  
94. Succession in her favours. This is she,  
95. So execrated even by those, whose debt  
96. To her is rather praise; they wrongfully  
97. With blame requite her, and with evil word;  
98. But she is blessed, and for that reckons not:  
99. Amidst the other primal beings glad  
100. Rolls on her sphere, and in her bliss exults.

101.           Now on our way pass we, to heavier woe  
102.           Descending: for each star is falling now,  
103.           That mounted at our entrance, and forbids  
104.           Too long our tarrying.” We the circle crossed  
105.           To the next steep, arriving at a well,  
106.           That boiling pours itself down to a foss  
107.       Sluiced from its source. Far murkier was the wave  
108.           Than sablest grain: and we in company  
109.           Of the inky waters, journeying by their side,  
110.           Entered, though by a different track, beneath.  
111.           Into a lake, the Stygian named, expands  
112.       The dismal stream, when it have reached the foot  
113.           Of the grey withered cliffs. Intent I stood  
114.           To gaze, and in the marish sunk descried  
115.           A miry tribe, all naked, and with looks  
116.           Betokening rage. They with their hands alone  
117.       Struck not, but with the head, the breast, the feet,  
118.           Cutting each other piecemeal with their fangs.

• • •

119.       The good instructor spoke; “Now see you, son!  
120.           The souls of those, who anger overcame.  
121.           This too for certain know, that underneath  
122.           The water dwells a multitude, whose sighs  
123.           Into these bubbles make the surface heave,  
124.           As your eye tells you wheresoever it turn.  
125.       Fixed in the slime they say: sad once were we  
126.           In the sweet air made gladsome by the sun,  
127.           Carrying a foul and lazy mist within:  
128.           Now in these murky settlings are we sad.’  
129.       Such dolorous strain they gurgle in their throats.  
130.           But word distinct can utter none.” Our route  
131.       Then compassed we, a segment widely stretched  
132.           Between the dry embankment, and the core  
133.       Of the loathed pool, turning meanwhile our eyes  
134.           Downward on those who gulped its muddy lees;  
135.       Nor stopped, till to a towers’ low base we came.

# CANTO VIII

## THE ARGUMENT

THE FOURTH CIRCLE  
ENTER THE CITY OF DIS  
THE VIOLENT

• • •

A signal having been made from the tower, Phlegyas, the ferryman of the lake, speedily crosses it, and conveys Virgil and Dante to the other side. On their passage they met with Filippo Argenti, whose fury and torment are described. They then arrive at the city of Dis, the entrance whereto is denied, and the portals closed against them by many demons.



1. My theme pursuing, I relate that here  
2. We reached the lofty turrets' base, our eyes  
3. Its height ascended, where two crescents hung  
4. We marked, and from afar another light  
5. Return the signal, so remote, that scarce  
6. The eye could catch its beam. I turning round  
7. To the deep source of knowledge, then inquired:  
8. "Say what this means? And what that other light  
9. In answer set? What agency does this?"

• • •

10. "There on the filthy waters," he replied,  
11. "Even now what next awaits us may you see,  
12. If the marsh-gendered fog conceal it not."

• • •

13. Never was arrow from the cord dismissed,  
14. That ran its way so nimbly through the air,  
15. As a small bark, that through the waves I spied  
16. Toward us coming, under the sole sway  
17. Of one that ferried it, who cried aloud:  
18. "Art you arrived, fell spirit?"—"Phlegyas, Phlegyas,  
19. This time you cried in vain," my lord replied;  
20. "No longer shall you have us, but while over  
21. The slimy pool we pass." As one who hears  
22. Of some great wrong he have sustained, whereat  
23. Inwardly he pines; so Phlegyas inwardly pined  
24. In his fierce ire. My guide descending stepped  
25. Into the skiff, and bade me enter next  
26. Close at his side; nor till my entrance seemed  
27. The vessel freighted. Soon as both embarked,  
28. Cutting the waves, goes on the ancient prow,  
29. More deeply than with others it is wont.

• • •

30. While we our course over the dead channel held.  
31. One drenched in mire before me came, and said;  
32. "Who are you, that you come here your hour?"  
33. I answered: "Though I come, I delay not;

34. But who are you, that are become so foul?"

• • •

35. "One, as you see, who mourn:" he straight replied.

• • •

36. To which I then: "In mourning and in woe,  
 37. Cursed spirit! Delay you. I know you well,  
 38. Even then in filth disguised." Then stretched he forth  
 39. Hands to the bark; whereof my teacher sage  
 40. Aware, thrusting him back: "Away! Down there,

• • •

41. "To the other dogs!" Then, with his arms my neck  
 42. Encircling, kissed my cheek, and spoke: "O soul  
 43. Justly disdainful! Blessed was she in who  
 44. You was conceived! He in the world was one  
 45. For arrogance noted; to his memory  
 46. No virtue lends its lustre; even so  
 47. Here is his shadow furious. There above  
 48. How many now hold themselves mighty kings  
 49. Who here like swine shall wallow in the mire,  
 50. Leaving behind them horrible dispraise!"

• • •

51. I then: "Master! Him feign would I behold  
 52. Whelmed in these dregs, before we quit the lake."

• • •

53. He then: "Or ever to your view the shore  
 54. Be offered, satisfied shall be that wish,  
 55. Which well deserves completion." Scarce his words  
 56. Were ended, when I saw the miry tribes  
 57. Set on him with such violence, that yet  
 58. For that render I thanks to God and praise  
 59. "To Filippo Argenti:" cried they all:  
 60. And on himself the moody Florentine  
 61. Turned his avenging fangs. Him here we left,  
 62. Nor speak I of him more. But on my ear  
 63. Sudden a sound of lamentation struck,  
 64. Whereat my eye unbarred I sent abroad.

• • •

65. And then the good instructor: "Now, my son!  
66. Draws near the city, that of Dis is named,  
67. With its grave denizens, a mighty throng."

• • •

68. I then: "The minarets already, Sir!  
69. There certes in the valley I decry,  
70. Gleaming vermilion, as if they from fire  
71. Had issued." He replied: "Eternal fire,  
72. That inward burns, shows them with ruddy flame  
73. Illuminated; as in this nether hell you see."

• • •

74. We came within the fosses deep, that moat  
75. This region comfortless. The walls appeared  
76. As they were framed of iron. We had made  
77. Wide circuit, here a place we reached, where loud  
78. The mariner cried vehement: "Go forth!  
79. The entrance is here!" Upon the gates I spied  
80. More than a thousand, who of old from heaven  
81. Were hurled. With ireful gestures, "Who is this,"  
82. They cried, "that without death first felt, goes through  
83. The regions of the dead?" My sapient guide  
84. Made sign that he for secret parley wished;  
85. Whereat their angry scorn abating, then  
86. They spoke: "Come you alone; and let him go  
87. Who have so hardily entered this realm.  
88. Alone return he by his witless way;  
89. If well he know it, let him prove. For you,  
90. Here shall you delay, who through clime so dark  
91. Have been his escort." Now bethink you, reader!  
92. What cheer was mine at sound of those cursed words.  
93. I did believe I never should return.

• • •

94. "O my loved guide! Who more than seven times  
95. Security have rendered me, and drawn  
96. From peril deep, whereto I stood exposed,





THE FOURTH CIRCLE OF HELL

97. Desert me not," I cried, "in this extreme.  
98. And if our onward going be denied,  
99. Together trace we back our steps with speed."

• • •

100. My liege, who there had conducted me,  
101. Replied: "Fear not: for of our passage none  
102. Has power to disappoint us, by such high  
103. Authority permitted. But do you  
104. Expect me here; meanwhile your wearied spirit  
105. Comfort, and feed with kindly hope, assured  
106. I will not leave you in this lower world."

• • •

107. This said, departs the sire benevolent,  
108. And quits me. Hesitating I remain  
109. At war between will and will not in my thoughts.

• • •

110. I could not hear what terms he offered them,  
111. But they conferred not long, for all at once  
112. To trial fled within. Closed were the gates  
113. By those our adversaries on the breast  
114. Of my liege lord: excluded he returned  
115. To me with tardy steps. Upon the ground  
116. His eyes were bent, and from his brow erased  
117. All confidence, while then with sighs he spoke:  
118. "Who have denied me these abodes of woe?"  
119. Then then to me: "That I am angered, think  
120. No ground of terror: in this trial I  
121. Shall vanquish, use what arts they may within  
122. For hindrance. This their insolence, not new,  
123. Herewhile at gate less secret they displayed,  
124. Which still is without bolt; upon its arch  
125. You saw the deadly scroll: and even now  
126. On this side of its entrance, down the steep,  
127. Passing the circles, unescorted, comes  
128. One whose strong might can open us this land."



# CANTO IX

## THE ARGUMENT

CONTINUE INTO CITY OF DIS  
THE HERETICS

• • •

After some hindrances, and having seen the hellish furies and other monsters, the poet, by the help of an angel, enters the city of Dis, wherein he discovers that the heretics are punished in tombs burning with intense fire: and he, together with Virgil, passes onward between the sepulchers and the walls of the city.

1. The hue, which coward dread on my pale cheeks  
2. Imprinted, when I saw my guide turn back,  
3. Chased that from his which newly they had worn,  
4. And inwardly restrained it. He, as one  
5. Who listens, stood attentive: for his eye  
6. Not far could lead him through the sable air,  
7. And the thick-gathering cloud. "It yet obliges  
8. We win this fight"—then he began—"if not—  
9. Such aid to us is offered.—Oh, how long  
10. Me seems it, here the promised help arrive!"

• • •

11. I noted, how the sequel of his words  
12. Cloaked their beginning; for the last he spoke  
13. Agreed not with the first. But not the less  
14. My fear was at his saying; sith I drew  
15. To import worse perchance, than that he held,  
16. His mutilated speech. "Does ever any  
17. Into this rueful concaves' extreme depth  
18. Descend, out of the first degree, whose pain  
19. Is deprivation merely of sweet hope?"

• • •

20. Then I inquiring. "Rarely," he replied,  
21. "It chances, that among us any makes  
22. This journey, which I wend. Herewhile it is true  
23. Once came I here beneath, conjured by fell  
24. Erictho, sorceress, who compelled the shades  
25. Back to their bodies. No long space my flesh  
26. Was naked of me, when within these walls  
27. She made me enter, to draw forth a spirit  
28. From out of Judas' circle. Lowest place  
29. Is that of all, obscurest, and removed  
30. Furthest from heavens' all-circling orb. The road  
31. Full well I know: you therefore rest secure.  
32. That lake, the noisome stench exhaling, round  
33. The city' of grief encompasses, which now

34. We may not enter without rage.” Yet more  
35. He added: but I hold it not in mind,  
36. For that my eye toward the lofty tower  
37. Had drawn me wholly, to its burning top.  
38. Where in an instant I beheld uprisen  
39. At once three hellish furies stained with blood:  
40. In limb and motion feminine they seemed;  
41. Around them greenest hydras twisting rolled  
42. Their volumes; adders and cerastes crept  
43. Instead of hair, and their fierce temples bound.

• • •

44. He knowing well the miserable hags  
45. Who tend the queen of endless woe, then spoke:

• • •

46. “Mark you each dire Erinnys. To the left  
47. This is Megaera; on the right hand she,  
48. Who wails, Alecto; and Tisiphone  
49. In the midst.” This said, in silence he remained  
50. Their breast they each one clawing tore; themselves  
51. Struck with their palms, and such shrill clamour raised,  
52. That to the bard I clung, suspicion-bound.

53. “Hasten Medusa: so to adamant  
54. Him shall we change;” all looking down exclaimed.  
55. “Even when by Theseus’ might assailed, we took  
56. No ill revenge.” “Turn yourself round, and keep  
57. Your countenance hid; for if the Gorgon dire  
58. Be shown, and you should view it, your return  
59. Upwards would be for ever lost.” This said,  
60. Himself my gentle master turned me round,  
61. Nor trusted he my hands, but with his own  
62. He also hid me. You of intellect  
63. Sound and entire, mark well the lore concealed  
64. Under close texture of the mystic strain!

• • •

65. And now there came over the perturbed waves  
66. Loud-crashing, terrible, a sound that made

67.               Either shore tremble, as if of a wind  
68.               Impetuous, from conflicting vapours sprung,  
69.               That against some forest driving all its might,  
70.               Plucks off the branches, beats them down and hurls  
71.               Afar; then onward passing proudly sweeps  
72.               Its whirlwind rage, while beasts and shepherds fly.

• • •

73.               My eyes he loosed, and spoke: "And now direct  
74.               Your visual nerve along that ancient foam,  
75.               There, thickest where the smoke ascends." As frogs  
76.               Before their foe the serpent, through the wave  
77.               Ply swiftly all, till at the ground each one  
78.               Lies on a heap; more than a thousand spirits  
79.               Destroyed, so saw I fleeing before one  
80.               Who passed with dry feet the Stygian sound.  
81.               He, from his face removing the gross air,  
82.               Often his left hand forth stretched, and seemed alone  
83.               By that annoyance wearied. I perceived  
84.               That he was sent from heaven, and to my guide  
85.               Turned me, who signal made that I should stand  
86.               Quiet, and bend to him. Ah me! How full  
87.               Of noble anger seemed he! To the gate  
88.               He came, and with his wand touched it, whereat  
89.               Open without impediment it flew.

• • •

90.               "Outcasts of heaven! O abject race and scorned!"  
91.               Began he on the horrid grunsel standing,  
92.               "When does this wild excess of insolence  
93.               Lodge in you? Wherefore kick you against that will  
94.               Never frustrate of its end, and which so often  
95.               Has laid on you enforcement of your pangs?  
96.               What profits at the fays to but the horn?  
97.               Your Cerberus, if you remember, here  
98.               Bears still, peeled of their hair, his throat and maw."  
99.               This said, he turned back over the filthy way,  
100.               And syllable to us spoke none, but wore

101. The semblance of a man by other care  
102. Beset, and keenly pressed, than thought of him  
103. Who in his presence stands. Then we our steps  
104. Toward that territory moved, secure  
105. After the hallowed words. We unopposed  
106. There entered; and my mind eager to learn  
107. What state a fortress like to that might hold,  
108. I soon as entered throw my eye around,  
109. And see on every part wide-stretching space  
110. Replete with bitter pain and torment ill.

• • •

111. As where Rhone stagnates on the plains of Arles,  
112. Or as at Pola, near Quarnaros' gulf,  
113. That closes Italy and laves her bounds,  
114. The place is all thick spread with sepulchres;  
115. So was it here, save what in horror here  
116. Excelled: for amidst the graves were scattered flames,  
117. Wherewith intensely all throughout they burned,  
118. That iron for no craft there hotter needs.

• • •

119. Their lids all hung suspended, and beneath  
120. From them forth issued lamentable moans,  
121. Such as the sad and tortured well might raise.

• • •

122. I then: "Master! Say who are these, interred  
123. Within these vaults, of who distinct we hear  
124. The dolorous sighs?" He answer then returned:

• • •

125. "The arch-heretics are here, accompanied  
126. By every sect their followers; and much more,  
127. Than you believed, tombs are freighted: like  
128. With like is buried; and the monuments  
129. Are different in degrees of heat." This said,  
130. He to the right hand turning, on we passed  
131. Between the afflicted and the ramparts high.





THE HERETICS

# CANTO X

## THE ARGUMENT

THE SIXTH CIRCLE  
THE HERETICS  
FARINATA DEGLI UBERTI

• • •

Dante, having obtained permission from his guide, holds discourse with Farinata degli Uberti and Cavalcante Cavalcanti, who lie in their fiery tombs that are yet open, and not to be close up till after the last judgment. Farinata predicts the poets' exile from Florence; and shows him that the condemned have knowledge of future things, but are ignorant of what is at present passing, unless it be revealed by some new comer from heart.

1.                   Now by a secret pathway we proceed,  
2.           Between the walls, that hem the region round,  
3.           And the tormented souls: my master first,  
4.           I close behind his steps. "Virtue supreme!"  
5.           I then began; "who through these ample orbs  
6.           In circuit lead me, even as you will,  
7.           Speak you, and satisfy my wish. May those,  
8.           Who lie within these sepulchres, be seen?  
9.           Already all the lids are raised, and none  
10.          Over them keeps watch." He then in answer spoke  
11.          "They shall be closed all, what-time they here  
12.          From Josaphat returned shall come, and bring  
13.          Their bodies, which above they now have left.  
14.                  The cemetery on this part obtain  
15.                  With Epicurus all his followers,  
16.                  Who with the body make the spirit die.  
17.                  Here therefore satisfaction shall be soon  
18.                  Both to the question asked, and to the wish,  
19.                  Which you conceal in silence." I replied:  
20.          "I keep not, guide beloved! From you my heart  
21.          Secreted, but to shun vain length of words,  
22.          A lesson herewhile taught me by yourself."

• • •

23.                "O Tuscan! You who through the city of fire  
24.           Alive are passing, so discreet of speech!  
25.           Here please you stay awhile. Your utterance  
26.           Declares the place of your nativity  
27.           To be that noble land, with which perchance  
28.           I too severely dealt." Sudden that sound  
29.           Forth issued from a vault, whereat in fear  
30.           I somewhat closer to my leaders' side  
31.          Approaching, he then spoke: "What does you? Turn.  
32.                  Lo, Farinata, there! Who have himself  
33.                  Uplifted: from his girdle upwards all  
34.                  Exposed behold him." On his face was mine



35. Already fixed; his breast and forehead there  
36. Erecting, seemed as in high scorn he held  
37. Even hell. Between the sepulchres to him  
38. My guide thrust me with fearless hands and prompt,  
39. This warning added: "See your words be clear!"

• • •

40. He, soon as there I stood at the tombs' foot,  
41. Eyed me a space, then in disdainful mood  
42. Addressed me: "Say, what ancestors were your?"

• • •

43. I, willing to obey him, straight revealed  
44. The whole, nor kept back aught: when he, his brow  
45. Somewhat uplifting, cried: "Fiercely were they  
46. Adverse to me, my party, and the blood  
47. From when I sprang: twice therefore I abroad  
48. Scattered them." "Though driven out, yet they each time  
49. From all parts," answered I, "returned; an are  
50. Which yours have shown, they are not skilled to learn."

• • •

51. Then, peering forth from the unclosed jaw,  
52. Rose from his side a shade, high as the chin,  
53. Leaning, I think, upon its knees upraised.  
54. It looked around, as eager to explore  
55. If there were other with me; but perceiving  
56. That fond imagination quenched, with tears  
57. Then spoke: "If you through this blind prison go.  
58. Led by your lofty genius and profound,  
59. Where is my son? And wherefore not with you?"

• • •

60. I straight replied: "Not of myself I come,  
61. By him, who there expects me, through this clime  
62. Conducted, who perchance Guido your son  
63. Had in contempt." Already had his words  
64. And mode of punishment read me his name,  
65. When I so fully answered. He at once

66. Exclaimed, up starting, "How! Said you he HAD?  
67. No longer lives he? Strikes not on his eye  
68. The blessed daylight?" Then of some delay  
69. I made here my reply aware, down fell  
70. Supine, not after forth appeared he more.

• • •

71. Meanwhile the other, great of soul, near who  
72. I yet was stationed, changed not countenance stern,  
73. Nor moved the neck, nor bent his ribbed side.  
74. "And if," continuing the first discourse,  
75. "They in this are," he cried, "small skill have shown,  
76. That does torment me more even than this bed.  
77. But not yet fifty times shall be relumed  
78. Her aspect, who reigns here Queen of this realm,  
79. Here you shall know the full weight of that are.  
80. So to the pleasant world may you return,  
81. As you shall tell me, why in all their laws,  
82. Against my kin this people is so fell?"

• • •

83. "The slaughter and great havoc," I replied,  
84. "That coloured Arbias' flood with crimson stain—  
85. To these impute, that in our hallowed dome  
86. Such orisons ascend." Sighing he shook  
87. The head, then resumed: "In that affray  
88. I stood not singly, nor without just cause  
89. Assuredly should with the rest have stirred;  
90. But singly there I stood, when by consent  
91. Of all, Florence had to the ground been razed,  
92. The one who openly forbade the deed."

• • •

93. "So may your lineage find at last repose,"  
94. I then adjured him, "as you solve this knot,  
95. Which now involves my mind. If right I hear,  
96. You seem to view beforehand, that which time  
97. Leads with him, of the present uninformed."



98.                "We view, as one who have an evil sight,"  
99.                He answered, "plainwardly, objects far remote:  
100.               So much of his large spendour yet imparts  
101.               The Almighty Ruler; but when they approach  
102.               Or actually exist, our intellect  
103.               Then wholly fails, nor of your human state  
104.               Except what others bring us know we aught.  
105.               Here therefore may you understand, that all  
106.               Our knowledge in that instant shall expire,  
107.               When on futurity the portals close."

• • •

108.               Then conscious of my fault, and by remorse  
109.               Smitten, I added then: "Now shall you say  
110.               To him there fallen, that his offspring still  
111.               Is to the living joined; and bid him know,  
112.               That if from answer silent I abstained,  
113.               It was that my thought was occupied intent  
114.               Upon that error, which your help have solved."

• • •

115.               But now my master summoning me back  
116.               I heard, and with more eager haste besought  
117.               The spirit to inform me, who with him  
118.               Partook his lot. He answer then returned:

• • •

119.               "More than a thousand with me here are laid  
120.               Within is Frederick, second of that name,  
121.               And the Lord Cardinal, and of the rest  
122.               I speak not." He, this said, from sight withdrew.  
123.               But I my steps towards the ancient bard  
124.               Reverting, ruminated on the words  
125.               Betokening me such ill. Onward he moved,  
126.               And then in going questioned: "When the amaze  
127.               That holds your senses rapt?" I satisfied  
128.               The inquiry, and the sage enjoined me straight:  
129.               "Let your safe memory store what you have heard

130. To you importing harm; and note you this,”  
131. With his raised finger bidding me take heed,

• • •

132. “When you shall stand before her gracious beam,  
133. Whose bright eye all surveys, she of your life  
134. The future tenor will to you unfold.”

• • •

135. Forthwith he to the left hand turned his feet:  
136. We left the wall, and towards the middle space  
137. Went by a path, that to a valley strikes;  
138. Which even then high exhaled its noisome steam.

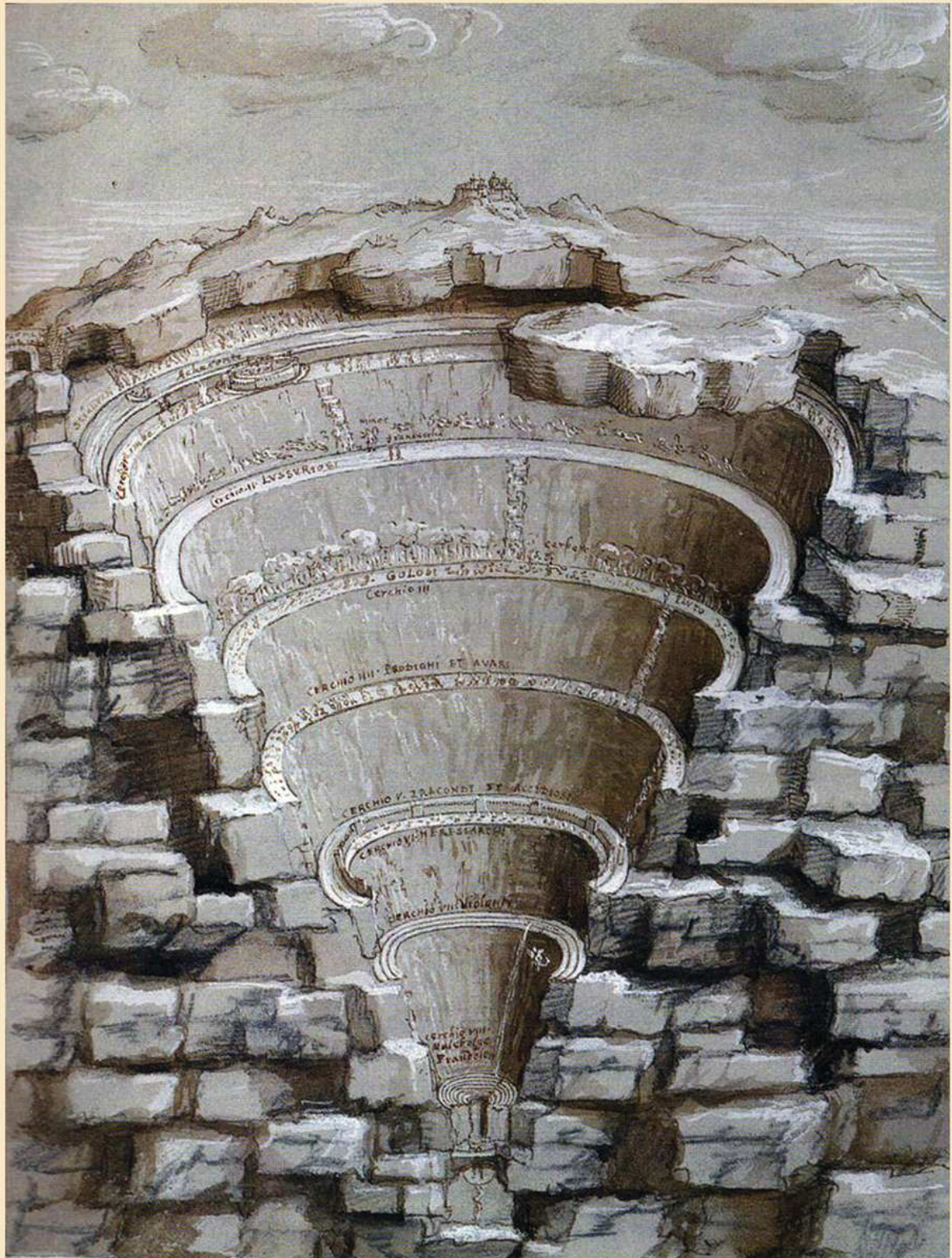
# CANTO XI

## THE ARGUMENT

THE SEVENTH CIRCLE  
THE PLAN OF HELL

• • •

Dante arrives at the verge of a rocky precipice which encloses the seventh circle, where he see the sepulchre of Anastasius the heretic; behind the lid of which pausing a little, to make himself capable by degrees of enduring the fetid smell that steamed upward from the abyss, he is instructed by Virgil concerning the manner in which the three following circles are disposed, and what description of sinners is punished in each. He then inquires the reason why the carnal, the gluttonous, the avaricious and prodigal, the wrathful and gloomy, suffer not their punishments within the city of Dis. He next asks how the crime of usury is an offense against God; and at length the two poets go toward the place from when a passage leads down to the seventh circle.



THE WHOLE OF HELL



1. The hue, which coward dread on my pale cheeks  
2. Imprinted, when I saw my guide turn back,  
3. Chased that from his which newly they had worn,  
4. And inwardly restrained it. He, as one  
5. Who listens, stood attentive: for his eye  
6. Not far could lead him through the sable air,  
7. And the thick-gathering cloud. "It yet obliges  
8. We win this fight"—then he began—"if not—  
9. Such aid to us is offered.—Oh, how long  
10. Me seems it, here the promised help arrive!"

• • •

11. I noted, how the sequel of his words  
12. Cloaked their beginning; for the last he spoke  
13. Agreed not with the first. But not the less  
14. My fear was at his saying; sith I drew  
15. To import worse perchance, than that he held,  
16. His mutilated speech. "Does ever any  
17. Into this rueful concaves' extreme depth  
18. Descend, out of the first degree, whose pain  
19. Is deprivation merely of sweet hope?"

• • •

20. Then I inquiring. "Rarely," he replied,  
21. "It chances, that among us any makes  
22. This journey, which I wend. Herewhile it is true  
23. Once came I here beneath, conjured by fell  
24. Erictho, sorceress, who compelled the shades  
25. Back to their bodies. No long space my flesh  
26. Was naked of me, when within these walls  
27. She made me enter, to draw forth a spirit  
28. From out of Judas' circle. Lowest place  
29. Is that of all, obscured, and removed  
30. Furthest from heavens' all-circling orb. The road  
31. Full well I know: you therefore rest secure.  
32. That lake, the noisome stench exhaling, round  
33. The city' of grief encompasses, which now



34. We may not enter without rage.” Yet more  
35. He added: but I hold it not in mind,  
36. For that my eye toward the lofty tower  
37. Had drawn me wholly, to its burning top.  
38. Where in an instant I beheld uprisen  
39. At once three hellish furies stained with blood:  
40. In limb and motion feminine they seemed;  
41. Around them greenest hydras twisting rolled  
42. Their volumes; adders and cerastes crept  
43. Instead of hair, and their fierce temples bound.

• • •

44. He knowing well the miserable hags  
45. Who tend the queen of endless woe, then spoke:

• • •

46. “Mark you each dire Erinnys. To the left  
47. This is Megaera; on the right hand she,  
48. Who wails, Alecto; and Tisiphone  
49. In the midst.” This said, in silence he remained  
50. Their breast they each one clawing tore; themselves  
51. Struck with their palms, and such shrill clamour raised,  
52. That to the bard I clung, suspicion-bound.

53. “Hasten Medusa: so to adamant  
54. Him shall we change;” all looking down exclaimed.  
55. “Even when by Theseus’ might assailed, we took  
56. No ill revenge.” “Turn yourself round, and keep  
57. Your countenance hid; for if the Gorgon dire  
58. Be shown, and you should view it, your return  
59. Upwards would be for ever lost.” This said,  
60. Himself my gentle master turned me round,  
61. Nor trusted he my hands, but with his own  
62. He also hid me. You of intellect  
63. Sound and entire, mark well the lore concealed  
64. Under close texture of the mystic strain!

• • •

65. And now there came over the perturbed waves

66. Loud-crashing, terrible, a sound that made  
67. Either shore tremble, as if of a wind  
68. Impetuous, from conflicting vapours sprung,  
69. That against some forest driving all its might,  
70. Plucks off the branches, beats them down and hurls  
71. Afar; then onward passing proudly sweeps  
72. Its whirlwind rage, while beasts and shepherds fly.

• • •

73. My eyes he loosed, and spoke: "And now direct  
74. Your visual nerve along that ancient foam,  
75. There, thickest where the smoke ascends." As frogs  
76. Before their foe the serpent, through the wave  
77. Ply swiftly all, till at the ground each one  
78. Lies on a heap; more than a thousand spirits  
79. Destroyed, so saw I fleeing before one  
80. Who passed with dry feet the Stygian sound.  
81. He, from his face removing the gross air,  
82. Often his left hand forth stretched, and seemed alone  
83. By that annoyance wearied. I perceived  
84. That he was sent from heaven, and to my guide  
85. Turned me, who signal made that I should stand  
86. Quiet, and bend to him. Ah me! How full  
87. Of noble anger seemed he! To the gate  
88. He came, and with his wand touched it, whereat  
89. Open without impediment it flew.

• • •

90. "Outcasts of heaven! O abject race and scorned!"  
91. Began he on the horrid grunsel standing,  
92. "When does this wild excess of insolence  
93. Lodge in you? Wherefore kick you against that will  
94. Never frustrate of its end, and which so often  
95. Has laid on you enforcement of your pangs?  
96. What profits at the fays to but the horn?  
97. Your Cerberus, if you remember, here  
98. Bears still, peeled of their hair, his throat and maw."

99. This said, he turned back over the filthy way,  
100. And syllable to us spoke none, but wore  
101. The semblance of a man by other care  
102. Beset, and keenly pressed, than thought of him  
103. Who in his presence stands. Then we our steps  
104. Toward that territory moved, secure  
105. After the hallowed words. We unopposed  
106. There entered; and my mind eager to learn  
107. What state a fortress like to that might hold,  
108. I soon as entered throw my eye around,  
109. And see on every part wide-stretching space  
110. Replete with bitter pain and torment ill.

• • •

111. As where Rhone stagnates on the plains of Arles,  
112. Or as at Pola, near Quarnaros' gulf,  
113. That closes Italy and laves her bounds,  
114. The place is all thick spread with sepulchres;  
115. So was it here, save what in horror here  
116. Excelled: for amidst the graves were scattered flames,  
117. Wherewith intensely all throughout they burned,  
118. That iron for no craft there hotter needs.

• • •

119. Their lids all hung suspended, and beneath  
120. From them forth issued lamentable moans,  
121. Such as the sad and tortured well might raise.

• • •

122. I then: "Master! Say who are these, interred  
123. Within these vaults, of who distinct we hear  
124. The dolorous sighs?" He answer then returned:

• • •

125. "The arch-heretics are here, accompanied  
126. By every sect their followers; and much more,  
127. Than you believed, tombs are freighted: like  
128. With like is buried; and the monuments  
129. Are different in degrees of heat." This said,

130. He to the right hand turning, on we passed  
131. Between the afflicted and the ramparts high.  
132. Upon the utmost verge of a high bank,  
133. By craggy rocks environed round, we came,  
134. Where woes beneath more cruel yet were stowed:  
135. And here to shun the horrible excess  
136. Of fetid exhalation, upward cast  
137. From the profound abyss, behind the lid  
138. Of a great monument we stood retired,

• • •

139. Whereon this scroll I marked: "I have in charge  
140. Pope Anastasius, who Photinus drew  
141. From the right path.—Here our descent obliges  
142. We make delay, that somewhat first the sense,  
143. To the dire breath accustomed, afterward  
144. Regard it not." My master then; to who  
145. Answering I spoke: "Some compensation find  
146. That the time past not wholly lost." He then:  
147. "Lo! How my thoughts even to your wishes tend!  
148. My son! Within these rocks," he then began,  
149. "Are three close circles in gradation placed,  
150. As these which now you leave. Each one is full  
151. Of spirits accursed; but that the sight alone  
152. Hereafter may suffice you, listen how  
153. And for what cause in durance they abide.

• • •

154. "Of all malicious act abhorred in heaven,  
155. The end is injury; and all such end  
156. Either by force or fraud works others' woe  
157. But fraud, because of man peculiar evil,  
158. To God is more displeasing; and beneath  
159. The fraudulent are therefore doomed to' endure  
160. Severer pang. The violent occupy  
161. All the first circle; and because to force  
162. Three persons are obnoxious, in three rounds





THE LOWER HELL



163. Each within other separate is it framed.  
164. To God, his neighbour, and himself, by man  
165. Force may be offered; to himself I say  
166. And his possessions, as you soon shall hear  
167. At full. Death, violent death, and painful wounds  
168. Upon his neighbour he inflicts; and wastes  
169. By devastation, pillage, and the flames,  
170. His substance. Slayers, and each one that smites  
171. In malice, plunderers, and all robbers, here  
172. The torment undergo of the first round  
173. In different herds. Man can do violence  
174. To himself and his own blessings: and for this  
175. He in the second round must aye deplore  
176. With unavailing penitence his crime,  
177. Whoever deprives himself of life and light,  
178. In reckless lavishment his talent wastes,  
179. And sorrows there where he should dwell in joy.  
180. To God may force be offered, in the heart  
181. Denying and blaspheming his high power,  
182. And nature with her kindly law contemning.  
183. And then the inmost round marks with its seal  
184. Sodom and Cahors, and all such as speak  
185. Contemptuously of the Godhead in their hearts.



186. “Fraud, that in every conscience leaves a sting,  
187. May be by man employed on one, whose trust  
188. He wins, or on another who withholds  
189. Strict confidence. Seems as the latter way  
190. Broke but the bond of love which Nature makes.  
191. When in the second circle have their nest  
192. Dissimulation, witchcraft, flatteries,  
193. Theft, falsehood, simony, all who seduce  
194. To lust, or set their honesty at pawn,  
195. With such vile scum as these. The other way  
196. Forgets both Natures’ general love, and that

197. Which thereto added afterwards gives birth  
198. To special faith. When in the lesser circle,  
199. Point of the universe, dread seat of Dis,  
200. The traitor is eternally consumed.”

• • •

201. I then: “Instructor, clearly your discourse  
202. Proceeds, distinguishing the hideous chasm  
203. And its inhabitants with skill exact.  
204. But tell me this: they of the dull, fat pool,  
205. Who the rain beats, or who the tempest drives,  
206. Or who with tongues so fierce conflicting meet,  
207. Wherefore within the city fire-illuminated  
208. Are not these punished, if Gods’ wrath be on them?  
209. And if it be not, wherefore in such guise  
210. Are they condemned?” He answer then returned:  
211. “Wherefore in dotage wanders then your mind,  
212. Not so accustomed? Or what other thoughts  
213. Possess it? Dwell not in your memory  
214. The words, wherein your ethic page describes  
215. Three dispositions adverse to Heavens’ will,  
216. Incontinence, malice, and mad brutishness,  
217. And how incontinence the least offends  
218. God, and least guilt incurs? If well you note  
219. This judgment, and remember who they are,  
220. Without these walls to vain repentance doomed,  
221. You shall discern why they apart are placed  
222. From these fell spirits, and less wreakful pours  
223. Justice divine on them its vengeance down.”

• • •

224. “O Sun! Who heals all imperfect sight,  
225. You so content me, when you solve my doubt,  
226. That ignorance not less than knowledge charms.  
227. Yet somewhat turn you back,” I in these words  
228. Continued, “where you said, that usury  
229. Offends celestial Goodness; and this knot

230. Perplexed unravel.” He then made reply:  
231. “Philosophy, to an attentive ear,  
232. Clearly points out, not in one part alone,  
233. How imitative nature takes her course  
234. From the celestial mind and from its are:  
235. And where her laws the Stagyrte unfolds,  
236. Not many leaves scanned over, observing well  
237. You shall discover, that your are on her  
238. Obsequious follows, as the learner treads  
239. In his instructors’ step, so that your are  
240. Deserves the name of second in descent  
241. From God. These two, if you recall to mind  
242. Creations’ holy book, from the beginning  
243. Were the right source of life and excellence  
244. To human kind. But in another path  
245. The usurer walks; and Nature in herself  
246. And in her follower then he sets at nought,  
247. Placing elsewhere his hope. But follow now  
248. My steps on forward journey bent; for now  
249. The Pisces play with undulating glance  
250. Along the horizon, and the Wain lies all  
251. Over the north-west; and onward there a space  
252. Is our steep passage down the rocky height.”

# CANTO XII

## THE ARGUMENT

THE SEVENTH CIRCLE  
MINOTAUR: BRUTE FORCE

• • •

Descending by a very rugged way into the seventh circle, where the violent are punished, Dante and his leader find it guarded by the Minotaur; whose fury being pacified by Virgil, they step downwards from crag to crag; till drawing near the bottom, they decry a river of blood, wherein are tormented such as have committed violence against their neighbour. At these, when they strive to emerge from the blood, a troop of Centaurs, running along the side of the river, aim their arrows; and three of their band opposing our travelers at the foot of the steep, Virgil prevails so far, that one consents to carry them both across the stream; and on their passage Dante is informed by him of the course of the river, and of those that are punished therein.

1.                   The place where to descend the precipice  
2.                   We came, was rough as Alp, and on its verge  
3.                   Such object lay, as every eye would shun.

• • •

4.                   As is that ruin, which Adices' stream  
5.                   On this side Trento struck, shouldering the wave,  
6.                   Or loosed by earthquake or for lack of prop;  
7.                   For from the mountains' summit, when it moved  
8.                   To the low level, so the headlong rock  
9.                   Is shivered, that some passage it might give  
10.                  To him who from above would pass; even such  
11.                  Into the chasm was that descent: and there  
12.                  At point of the disparted ridge lay stretched  
13.                  The infamy of Crete, detested brood  
14.                  Of the feigned heifer: and at sight of us  
15.                  It gnawed itself, as one with rage distract.

• • •

16.                To him my guide exclaimed: "Perchance you deem  
17.                The King of Athens here, who, in the world  
18.                Above, your death contrived. Monster! Avaunt!  
19.                He comes not tutored by your sisters' are,  
20.                But to behold your torments is he come."

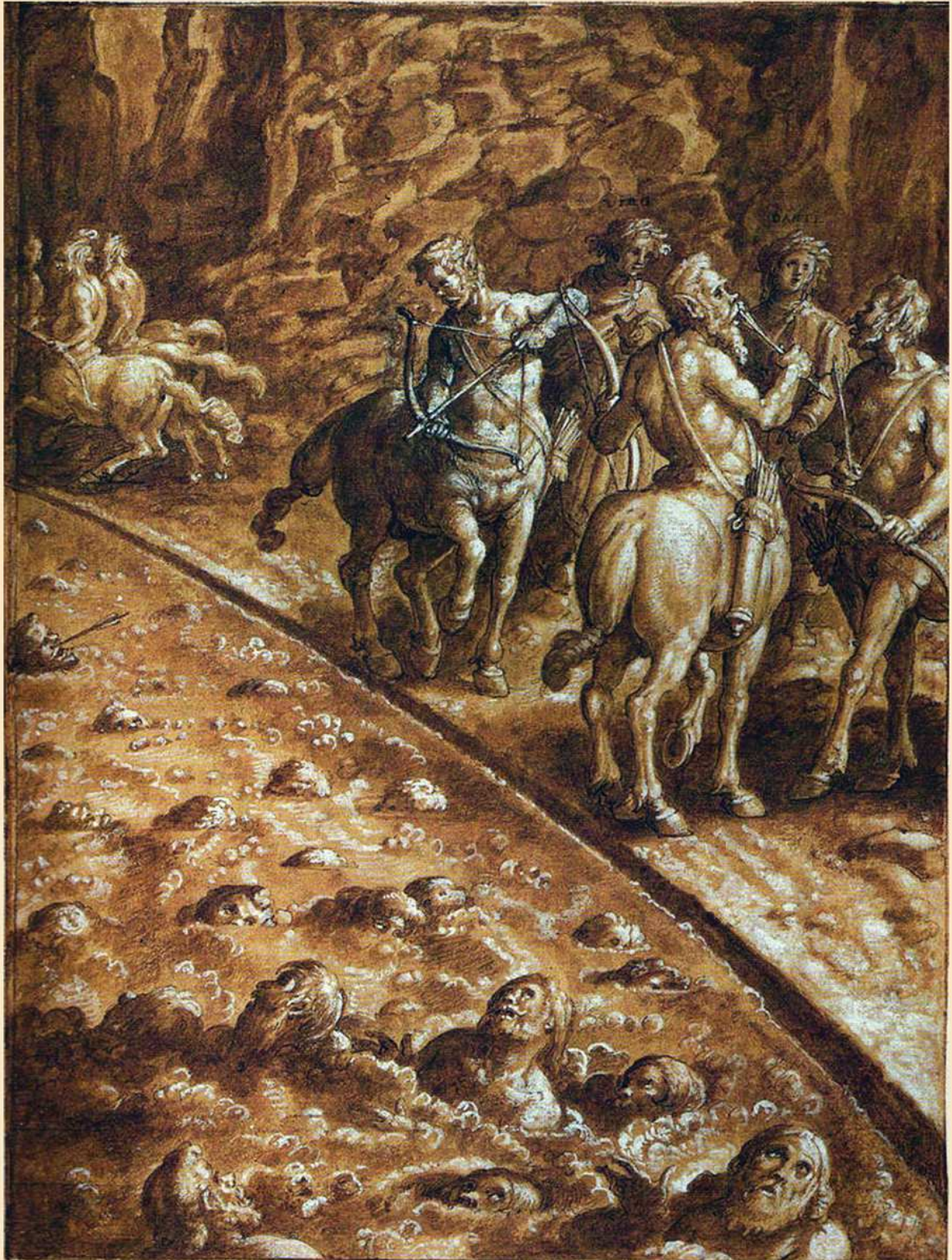
• • •

21.                Like to a bull, that with impetuous spring  
22.                Darts, at the moment when the fatal blow  
23.                Has struck him, but unable to proceed  
24.                Plunges on either side; so saw I plunge  
25.                The Minotaur; whereat the sage exclaimed:  
26.                "Run to the passage! While he storms, it is well  
27.                That you descend." Then down our road we took  
28.                Through those dilapidated crags, that often  
29.                Moved underneath my feet, to weight like theirs  
30.                Unused. I pondering went, and then he spoke:

• • •

31.                "Perhaps your thoughts are of this ruined steep,





MINOTAURS

32.           Guarded by the brute violence, which I  
33.       Have vanquished now. Know then, that when I erst  
34.           Here descended to the nether hell,  
35.       This rock was not yet fallen. But past doubt  
36.       (If well I mark) not long here He arrived,  
37.       Who carried off from Dis the mighty spoil  
38.       Of the highest circle, then through all its bounds  
39.       Such trembling seized the deep concave and foul,  
40.       I thought the universe was thrilled with love,  
41.       Whereby, there are who deem, the world have often  
42.       Been into chaos turned: and in that point,  
43.       Here, and elsewhere, that old rock toppled down.  
44.       But fix your eyes beneath: the river of blood  
45.       Approaches, in the which all those are steeped,  
46.       Who have by violence injured.” O blind lust!  
47.       O foolish wrath! Who so does goad us on  
48.       In the brief life, and in the eternal then  
49.       Then miserably overwhelm us. I beheld  
50.       An ample foss, that in a bow was bent,  
51.       As circling all the plain; for so my guide  
52.       Had told. Between it and the ramparts’ base  
53.       On trail ran Centaurs, with keen arrows armed,  
54.       As to the chase they on the earth were wont.

• • •

55.           At seeing us descend they each one stood;  
56.       And issuing from the troop, three sped with bows  
57.           And missile weapons chosen first; of who  
58.       One cried from far: “Say to what pain you come  
59.       Condemned, who down this steep have journeyed? Speak  
60.       From when you stand, or else the bow I draw.”

• • •

61.           To who my guide: “Our answer shall be made  
62.       To Chiron, there, when nearer him we come.  
63.       Ill was your mind, then ever quick and rash.”



64. Then me he touched, and spoke: "Nessus is this,  
65. Who for the fair Deianira died,  
66. And wrought himself revenge for his own fate.  
67. He in the midst, that on his breast looks down,  
68. Is the great Chiron who Achilles nursed;  
69. That other Pholus, prone to wrath." Around  
70. The foss these go by thousands, aiming shafts  
71. At whatsoever spirit dares emerge  
72. From out the blood, more than his guilt allows.

• • •

73. We to those beasts, that rapid strode along,  
74. Drew near, when Chiron took an arrow forth,  
75. And with the notch pushed back his shaggy beard  
76. To the cheek-bone, then his great mouth to view  
77. Exposing, to his fellows then exclaimed:  
78. "Are you aware, that he who comes behind  
79. Moves what he touches? The feet of the dead  
80. Are not so wont." My trusty guide, who now  
81. Stood near his breast, where the two natures join,  
82. Then made reply: "He is indeed alive,  
83. And solitary so must needs by me  
84. Be shown the gloomy valley, thereto induced  
85. By strict necessity, not by delight.  
86. She left her joyful harpings in the sky,  
87. Who this new office to my care consigned.  
88. He is no robber, no dark spirit I.  
89. But by that virtue, which empowers my step  
90. To treat so wild a path, grant us, I pray,  
91. One of your band, who we may trust secure,  
92. Who to the ford may lead us, and convey  
93. Across, him mounted on his back; for he  
94. Is not a spirit that may walk the air."

• • •

95. Then on his right breast turning, Chiron then  
96. To Nessus spoke: "Return, and be their guide.

97.                   And if you chance to cross another troop,  
98.           Command them keep aloof." Onward we moved,  
99.           The faithful escort by our side, along  
100.           The border of the crimson-seething flood,  
101.   When from those steeped within loud shrieks arose.

• • •

102.           Some there I marked, as high as to their brow  
103.           Immersed, of who the mighty Centaur then:  
104.           "These are the souls of tyrants, who were given  
105.           To blood and rapine. Here they wail aloud  
106.           Their merciless wrongs. Here Alexander dwells,  
107.           And Dionysius fell, who many a year  
108.           Of woe wrought for fair Sicily. That brow  
109.           Whereon the hair so jetty clustering hangs,  
110.           Is Azzolino; that with flaxen locks  
111.           Obizzo' of Este, in the world destroyed  
112.           By his foul step-son." To the bard revered  
113.   I turned me round, and then he spoke; "Let him  
114.           Be to you now first leader, me but next  
115.           To him in rank." Then further on a space  
116.   The Centaur paused, near some, who at the throat  
117.           Were extant from the wave; and showing us  
118.           A spirit by itself apart retired,  
119.   Exclaimed: "He in Gods' bosom struck the heart,  
120.   Which yet is honoured on the bank of Thames."

• • •

121.           A race I next espied, who held the head,  
122.           And even all the bust above the stream.  
123.           Amidst these I many a face remembered well.  
124.   Then shallow more and more the blood became,  
125.           So that at last it but imbued the feet;  
126.   And there our passage lay athwart the foss.

• • •

127.           "As ever on this side the boiling wave  
128.   You see diminishing," the Centaur said,

129.                   “So on the other, be you well assured,  
130.                   It lower still and lower sinks its bed,  
131.                   Till in that part it reuniting join,  
132.                   Where it is the lot of tyranny to mourn.  
133.           There Heavens’ stern justice lays chastising hand  
134.                   On Attila, who was the scourge of earth,  
135.                   On Sextus, and on Pyrrhus, and extracts  
136.                   Tears ever by the seething flood unlocked  
137.                   From the Rinieri, of Corneto this,  
138.                   Pazzo the other named, who filled the ways  
139.                   With violence and war.” This said, he turned,  
140.                   And quitting us, alone re-passed the ford.



# CANTO XIII

## THE ARGUMENT

### THE SEVENTH CIRCLE SUICIDES

• • •

Still in the seventh circle, Dante enters its second compartment, which contains both those who have done violence on their own persons and those who have violently consumed their goods; the first changed into rough and knotted trees whereon the harpies build their nests, the latter chased and torn by black female mastiffs. Among the former, Piero delle Vigne is one, who tells him the cause of his having committed suicide, and moreover in what manner the souls are transformed into those trunks. Of the latter crew he recognizes Lano, a Siennese, and Giacomo, a Paduan; and lastly, a Florentine, who had hung himself from his own roof, speaks to him of the calamities of his countrymen.

1. Here Nessus yet had reached the other bank,  
2. We entered on a forest, where no track  
3. Of steps had worn a way. Not verdant there  
4. The foliage, but of dusky hue; not light  
5. The boughs and tapering, but with knares deformed  
6. And matted thick: fruits there were none, but thorns  
7. Instead, with venom filled. Less sharp than these,  
8. Less intricate the brakes, wherein abide  
9. Those animals, that hate the cultured fields,  
10. Between Corneto and Cecinas' stream.

• • •

11. Here the brute Harpies make their nest, the same  
12. Who from the Strophades the Trojan band  
13. Drove with dire boding of their future woe.  
14. Broad are their pennons, of the human form  
15. Their neck and countenance, armed with talons keen  
16. The feet, and the huge belly fledge with wings  
17. These sits and wail on the drear mystic wood.

• • •

18. The kind instructor in these words began:  
19. "Here further you proceed, know you are now  
20. In the second round, and shall be, till you come  
21. Upon the horrid sand: look therefore well  
22. Around you, and such things you shall behold,  
23. As would my speech discredit." On all sides  
24. I heard sad plainings breathe, and none could see  
25. From who they might have issued. In amaze  
26. Fast bound I stood. He, as it seemed, believed,  
27. That I had thought so many voices came  
28. From some amid those thickets close concealed,  
29. And then his speech resumed: "If you lop off  
30. A single twig from one of those ill plants,  
31. The thought you have conceived shall vanish quite."

• • •

32. Thereat a little stretching forth my hand,





SUICIDES

33. From a great wilding gathered I a branch,  
34. And straight the trunk exclaimed: "Why pluck you me?"

• • •

35. Then as the dark blood trickled down its side,  
36. These words it added: "Wherefore tear me then?  
37. Is there no touch of mercy in your breast?  
38. Men once were we, that now are rooted here.  
39. Your hand might well have spared us, had we been  
40. The souls of serpents." As a brand yet green,  
41. That burning at one end from the other sends  
42. A groaning sound, and hisses with the wind  
43. That forces out its way, so burst at once,  
44. Forth from the broken splinter words and blood.

• • •

45. I, letting fall the bough, remained as one  
46. Assailed by terror, and the sage replied:  
47. "If he, O injured spirit! Could have believed  
48. What he have seen but in my verse described,  
49. He never against you had stretched his hand.  
50. But I, because the thing surpassed belief,  
51. Prompted him to this deed, which even now  
52. Myself I rue. But tell me, who you was;  
53. That, for this wrong to do you some amends,  
54. In the upper world (for there to return  
55. Is granted him) your fame he may revive."

• • •

56. "That pleasant word of your," the trunk replied  
57. "Has so inveigled me, that I from speech  
58. Cannot refrain, wherein if I indulge  
59. A little longer, in the snare detained,  
60. Count it not grievous. I it was, who held  
61. Both keys to Fredericks' heart, and turned the wards,  
62. Opening and shutting, with a skill so sweet,  
63. That besides me, into his inmost breast  
64. Scarce any other could admittance find.



65.       The faith I bore to my high charge was such,  
66.       It cost me the life-blood that warmed my veins.  
67.       The harlot, who never turned her gloating eyes  
68.       From Caesars' household, common vice and pest  
69.       Of courts, against me inflamed the minds of all;  
70.       And to Augustus they so spread the flame,  
71.       That my glad honours changed to bitter woes.  
72.       My soul, disdainful and disgusted, sought  
73.       Refuge in death from scorn, and I became,  
74.       Just as I was, unjust toward myself.  
75.       By the new roots, which fix this stem, I swear,  
76.       That never faith I broke to my liege lord,  
77.       Who merited such honour; and of you,  
78.       If any to the world indeed return,  
79.       Clear he from wrong my memory, that lies  
80.       Yet prostrate under envys' cruel blow."

• • •

81.       First somewhat pausing, till the mournful words  
82.       Were ended, then to me the bard began:  
83.       "Loose not the time; but speak and of him ask,  
84.       If more you wish to learn." When I replied:  
85.       "Question you him again of whatsoever  
86.       Will, as you think, content me; for no power  
87.       Have I to ask, such pity' is at my heart."

• • •

88.       He then resumed; "So may he do for you  
89.       Freely what you entreats, as you yet  
90.       Be pleased, imprisoned Spirit! To declare,  
91.       How in these gnarled joints the soul is tied;  
92.       And whether any ever from such frame  
93.       Be loosened, if you can, that also tell."

• • •

94.       Thereat the trunk breathed hard, and the wind soon  
95.       Changed into sounds articulate like these;



96. Briefly you shall be answered. "When departs  
97. The fierce soul from the body, by itself  
98. Then torn asunder, to the seventh gulf  
99. By Minos doomed, into the wood it falls,  
100. No place assigned, but wheresoever chance  
101. Hurls it, there sprouting, as a grain of spelt,  
102. It rises to a sapling, growing then  
103. A savage plant. The Harpies, on its leaves  
104. Then feeding, cause both pain and for the pain  
105. A vent to grief. We, as the rest, shall come  
106. For our own spoils, yet not so that with them  
107. We may again be clad; for what a man  
108. Takes from himself it is not just he have.  
109. Here we perforce shall drag them; and throughout  
110. The dismal glade our bodies shall be hung,  
111. Each on the wild thorn of his wretched shade."

• • •

112. Attentive yet to listen to the trunk  
113. We stood, expecting further speech, when us  
114. A noise surprised, as when a man perceives  
115. The wild boar and the hunt approach his place  
116. Of stationed watch, who of the beasts and boughs  
117. Loud rustling round him hears. And lo! There came  
118. Two naked, torn with briers, in headlong flight,  
119. That they before them broke each fan o' the wood.  
120. "Haste now," the foremost cried, "now haste you death!"

• • •

121. The other, as seemed, impatient of delay  
122. Exclaiming, "Lano! Not so bent for speed  
123. Your sinews, in the lists of Toppos' field."  
124. And then, for that perchance no longer breath  
125. Sufficed him, of himself and of a bush  
126. One group he made. Behind them was the wood  
127. Full of black female mastiffs, gaunt and fleet,  
128. As greyhounds that have newly slipped the leash.

129. On him, who squatted down, they stuck their fangs,  
130. And having rent him piecemeal bore away  
131. The tortured limbs. My guide then seized my hand,  
132. And led me to the thicket, which in vain  
133. Mourned through its bleeding wounds: "O Giacomo  
134. Of Sant' Andrea! What avails it you,"  
135. It cried, "that of me you have made your screen?  
136. For your ill life what blame on me recoils?"

• • •

137. When over it he had paused, my master spoke:  
138. "Say who was you, that at so many points  
139. Breath out with blood your lamentable speech?"

• • •

140. He answered: "Oh, you spirits: arrived in time  
141. To spy the shameful havoc, that from me  
142. My leaves have severed then, gather them up,  
143. And at the foot of their sad parent-tree  
144. Carefully lay them. In that city' I dwelt,  
145. Who for the Baptist her first patron changed,  
146. When he for this shall cease not with his are  
147. To work her woe: and if there still remained not  
148. On Arnos' passage some faint glimpse of him,  
149. Those citizens, who reared once more her walls  
150. Upon the ashes left by Attila,  
151. Had laboured without profit of their toil.  
152. I slung the fatal noose from my own roof."

# CANTO XIV

## THE ARGUMENT

THE SEVENTH CIRCLE  
CAPANEUS: BLASPHEMY

• • •

They arrive at the beginning of the third of those compartments into which this seventh circle is divided. It is a plain of dry and hot sand, where three kinds of violence are punished; namely, against God, against Nature, and against Art; and those who have then sinned are tormented by flakes of fire, which are eternally showering down upon them. Among the violent against God is found Capaneus, whose blasphemies they hear. Next, turning to the left along the forest of self-slayers, and having journeyed a little onwards, they meet with a streamlet of blood that issues from the forest and traverses the sandy plain. Here Virgil speaks to our poet of a huge ancient statue that stands within Mount Ida in Crete, from a fissure in which statue there is a dripping of tears, from which the said streamlet, together with the three other infernal rivers, are formed.

1.                   Soon as the charity of native land  
2.           Wrought in my bosom, I the scattered leaves  
3.           Collected, and to him restored, who now  
4.           Was hoarse with utterance. To the limit then  
5.       We came, which from the third the second round  
6.           Divides, and where of justice is displayed  
7.           Contrivance horrible. Things then first seen  
8.           Clearer to manifest, I tell how next  
9.           A plain we reached, that from its sterile bed  
10.      Each plant repelled. The mournful wood waves round  
11.           Its garland on all sides, as round the wood  
12.      Spreads the sad foss. There, on the very edge,  
13.           Our steps we stayed. It was an area wide  
14.           Of arid sand and thick, resembling most  
15.           The soil that erst by Catos' foot was trod.

• • •

16.      Vengeance of Heaven! Oh! How should you be feared  
17.           By all, who read what here my eyes beheld!

• • •

18.           Of naked spirits many a flock I saw,  
19.           All weeping piteously, to different laws  
20.           Subjected: for on the earth some lay supine,  
21.      Some crouching close were seated, others paced  
22.           Incessantly around; the latter tribe,  
23.           More numerous, those fewer who beneath  
24.           The torment lay, but louder in their grief.

• • •

25.           Over all the sand fell slowly wafting down  
26.           Dilated flakes of fire, as flakes of snow  
27.      On Alpine summit, when the wind is hushed.  
28.           As in the torrid Indian clime, the son  
29.           Of Ammon saw upon his warrior band  
30.           Descending, solid flames, that to the ground  
31.      Came down: when he bethought him with his troop  
32.           To trample on the soil; for easier then

33. The vapour was extinguished, while alone;  
34. So fell the eternal fiery flood, wherewith  
35. The marble glowed underneath, as under stove  
36. The viands, doubly to augment the pain.

• • •

37. Unceasing was the play of wretched hands,  
38. Now this, now that way glancing, to shake off  
39. The heat, still falling fresh. I then began:  
40. “Instructor! You who all things overcome,  
41. Except the hardy demons, that rushed forth  
42. To stop our entrance at the gate, say who  
43. Is yon huge spirit, that, as seems, heeds not  
44. The burning, but lies writhed in proud scorn,  
45. As by the sultry tempest immature?”

• • •

46. Straight he himself, who was aware I asked  
47. My guide of him, exclaimed: “Such as I was  
48. When living, dead such now I am. If Jove  
49. Weary his workman out, from who in ire  
50. He snatched the lightnings, that at my last day  
51. Transfixed me, if the rest be weary out  
52. At their black smithy labouring by turns  
53. In Mongibello, while he cries aloud;  
54. “Help, help, good Mulciber!” As erst he cried  
55. In the Phlegraean warfare, and the bolts  
56. Launch he full aimed at me with all his might,  
57. He never should enjoy a sweet revenge.”

• • •

58. Then then my guide, in accent higher raised  
59. Than I before had heard him: “Capaneus!  
60. You are more punished, in that this your pride  
61. Lives yet unquenched: no torrent, save your rage,  
62. Were to your fury pain proportioned full.”

• • •

63. Next turning round to me with milder lip



64. He spoke: "This of the seven kings was one,  
65. Who girt the Theban walls with siege, and held,  
66. As still he seems to hold, God in disdain,  
67. And sets his high omnipotence at nought.  
68. But, as I told him, his spiteful mood  
69. Is ornament well suits the breast that wears it.  
70. Follow me now; and look you set not yet  
71. Your foot in the hot sand, but to the wood  
72. Keep ever close." Silently on we passed  
73. To where there gushes from the forests' bound  
74. A little brook, whose crimsoned wave yet lifts  
75. My hair with horror. As the rill, that runs  
76. From Bulicame, to be portioned out  
77. Among the sinful women; so ran this  
78. Down through the sand, its bottom and each bank  
79. Stone-built, and either margin at its side,  
80. Whereon I straight perceived our passage lay.

• • •

81. "Of all that I have shown you, since that gate  
82. We entered first, whose threshold is to none  
83. Denied, nought else so worthy of regard,  
84. As is this river, has your eye discerned,  
85. Over which the flaming volley all is quenched."

• • •

86. So spoke my guide; and I him then besought,  
87. That having given me appetite to know,  
88. The food he too would give, that hunger craved.

• • •

89. "In midst of ocean," forthwith he began,  
90. "A desolate country lies, which Crete is named,  
91. Under whose monarch in old times the world  
92. Lived pure and chaste. A mountain rises there,  
93. Called Ida, joyous once with leaves and streams,  
94. Deserted now like a forbidden thing.  
95. It was the spot which Rhea, Saturns' spouse,

96. Chose for the secret cradle of her son;  
97. And better to conceal him, drowned in shouts  
98. His infant cries. Within the mount, upright  
99. An ancient form there stands and huge, that turns  
100. His shoulders towards Damiata, and at Rome  
101. As in his mirror looks. Of finest gold  
102. His head is shaped, pure silver are the breast  
103. And arms; then to the middle is of brass.  
104. And downward all beneath well-tempered steel,  
105. Save the right foot of potters' clay, on which  
106. Than on the other more erect he stands,  
107. Each part except the gold, is rent throughout;  
108. And from the fissure tears distill, which joined  
109. Penetrate to that cave. They in their course  
110. Then far precipitated down the rock  
111. Form Acheron, and Styx, and Phlegethon;  
112. Then by this straitened channel passing here  
113. Beneath, even to the lowest depth of all,  
114. Form there Cocytus, of whose lake (yourself  
115. Shall see it) I here give you no account."

• • •

116. Then I to him: "If from our world this sluice  
117. Be then derived; wherefore to us but now  
118. Appears it at this edge?" He straight replied:  
119. "The place, you know, is round; and though great part  
120. You have already passed, still to the left  
121. Descending to the nethermost, not yet  
122. Have you the circuit made of the whole orb.  
123. Wherefore if aught of new to us appear,  
124. It needs not bring up wonder in your looks."

• • •

125. Then I again inquired: "Where flow the streams  
126. Of Phlegethon and Lethe? For of one  
127. You tell not, and the other of that shower,  
128. You say, is formed." He answer then returned:

129.           “Doubtless your questions all well pleased I hear.  
130.           Yet the red seething wave might have resolved  
131.                 One you proposes. Lest you shall see,  
132.                 But not within this hollow, in the place,  
133.                 Whither to lave themselves the spirits go,  
134.       Whose blame have been by penitence removed.”  
135.                 He added: “Time is now we quit the wood.  
136.                 Look you my steps pursue: the margins give  
137.                 Safe passage, unimpeded by the flames;  
138.                 For over them all vapour is extinct.”

# CANTO XV

## THE ARGUMENT

THE SEVENTH CIRCLE  
SODOMITES

• • •

Taking their way upon one of the mounds by which the streamlet, spoken of in the last canto, was embanked, and having gone so far as they could no longer have discerned the forest if they had turned round to look for it, they meet a troop of spirits that come along the sand by the side of the pier. These are they who have done violence to Nature; and amongst them Dante distinguishes Brunetto Latini, who had been formerly his master; with who, turning a little backward, he holds a discourse which occupies the remainder of this canto.

1.                   One of the solid margins bears us now  
2.                   Enveloped in the mist, that from the stream  
3.                   Arising, hovers over, and saves from fire  
4.                   Both piers and water. As the Flemings rear  
5.       Their mound, between Ghent and Bruges, to chase back  
6.                   The ocean, fearing his tumultuous tide  
7.                   That drives toward them, or the Paduans theirs  
8.                   Along the Brenta, to defend their towns  
9.                   And castles, here the genial warmth be felt  
10.                  On Chiarentanas' top; such were the mounds,  
11.                  So framed, though not in height or bulk to these  
12.                  Made equal, by the master, whosoever  
13.                  He was, that raised them here. We from the wood  
14.                  Were not so far removed, that turning round  
15.                  I might not have discerned it, when we met  
16.                  A troop of spirits, who came beside the pier.

• • •

17.                  They each one eyed us, as at eventide  
18.                  One eyes another under a new moon,  
19.                  And toward us sharpened their sight as keen,  
20.                  As an old tailor at his needles' eye.

• • •

21.                  Then narrowly explored by all the tribe,  
22.                  I was agonized of one, who by the skirt  
23.       Caught me, and cried, "What wonder have we here!"

• • •

24.                  And I, when he to me outstretched his arm,  
25.                  Intently fixed my ken on his parched looks,  
26.       That although smirched with fire, they hindered not  
27.                  But I remembered him; and towards his face  
28.                  My hand inclining, answered: "Sir! Brunetto!

• • •

29.                  "And are you here?" He then to me: "My son!  
30.                  Oh let it not displease you, if Brunetto  
31.                  Latini but a little space with you



32. Turn back, and leave his fellows to proceed.”

• • •

33. I then to him replied: “Much as I can,  
34. I thereto pray you; and if you be willing,  
35. That I here seat me with you, I consent;  
36. His leave, with who I journey, first obtained.”

• • •

37. “O son!” Said he, “whoever of this throng  
38. One instant stops, lies then a hundred years,  
39. No fan to ventilate him, when the fire  
40. Smites sorest. Pass you therefore on. I close  
41. Will at your garments walk, and then rejoin  
42. My troop, who go mourning their endless doom.”

• • •

43. I dared not from the path descend to tread  
44. On equal ground with him, but held my head  
45. Bent down, as one who walks in reverent guise.

• • •

46. “What chance or destiny,” then he began,  
47. “Here the last day conducts you here below?  
48. And who is this, that shows to you the way?”

• • •

49. “There up aloft,” I answered, “in the life  
50. Serene, I wandered in a valley lost,  
51. Before mine age had to its fullness reached.  
52. But yester-morn I left it: then once more  
53. Into that valley returning, him I met;  
54. And by this path homeward he leads me back.”

• • •

55. “If you,” he answered, “follow but your star,  
56. You can not miss at last a glorious haven:  
57. Unless in fairer days my judgment erred.  
58. And if my fate so early had not chanced,  
59. Seeing the heavens then bounteous to you, I  
60. Had gladly given you comfort in your work.

61. But that ungrateful and malignant race,  
62. Who in old times came down from Fesole,  
63. Aye and still smack of their rough mountain-flint,  
64. Will for your good deeds shew you enmity.  
65. Nor wonder; for amongst ill-savoured crabs  
66. It suits not the sweet fig-tree lay her fruit.  
67. Old fame reports them in the world for blind,  
68. Covetous, envious, proud. Look to it well:  
69. Take heed you cleanse you of their ways. For you  
70. Your fortune have such honour in reserve,  
71. That you by either party shall be craved  
72. With hunger keen: but be the fresh herb far  
73. From the goats' tooth. The herd of Fesole  
74. May of themselves make litter, not touch the plant,  
75. If any such yet spring on their rank bed,  
76. In which the holy seed revives, transmitted  
77. From those true Romans, who still there remained,  
78. When it was made the nest of so much ill."

• • •

79. "Were all my wish fulfilled," I straight replied,  
80. "You from the confines of mans' nature yet  
81. Had not been driven forth; for in my mind  
82. Is fixed, and now strikes full upon my heart  
83. The dear, benign, paternal image, such  
84. As your was, when so lately you did teach me  
85. The way for man to win eternity;  
86. And how I prized the lesson, it obliges,  
87. That, long as life endures, my tongue should speak,  
88. What of my fate you tell, that write I down:  
89. And with another text to comment on  
90. For her I keep it, the celestial dame,  
91. Who will know all, if I to her arrive.  
92. This only would I have you clearly note:  
93. That so my conscience have no plea against me;  
94. Do fortune as she list, I stand prepared.  
95. Not new or strange such earnest to my ear.

96. Speed fortune then her wheel, as likes her best,  
97. The clown his mattock; all things have their course.”

• • •

98. Thereat my sapient guide upon his right  
99. Turned himself back, then looked at me and spoke:  
100. “He listens to good purpose who takes note.”

• • •

101. I not the less still on my way proceed,  
102. Discoursing with Brunetto, and inquire  
103. Who are most known and chief among his tribe.

• • •

104. “To know of some is well;” then he replied,  
105. “But of the rest silence may best beseem.  
106. Time would not serve us for report so long.  
107. In brief I tell you, that all these were clerks,  
108. Men of great learning and no less renown,  
109. By one same sin polluted in the world.  
110. With them is Priscian, and Accorsos’ son  
111. Francesco herds among that wretched throng:  
112. And, if the wish of so impure a blotch  
113. Possessed you, him you also might have seen,  
114. Who by the servants’ servant was transferred  
115. From Arnos’ seat to Bacchiglione, where  
116. His ill-strained nerves he left. I more would add,  
117. But must from further speech and onward way  
118. Alike desist, for yonder I behold  
119. A mist new-risen on the sandy plain.  
120. A company, with who I may not sort,  
121. Approaches. I commend my TREASURE to you,  
122. Wherein I yet survive; my sole request.”

• • •

123. This said he turned, and seemed as one of those,  
124. Who over Veronas’ champain try their speed  
125. For the green mantle, and of them he seemed,  
126. Not he who loses but who gains the prize.

# CANTO XVI

## THE ARGUMENT

### THE SEVENTH CIRCLE

### THREE FLORENTINES

(GUIDO GUERRA, ALDOBRINDINI AND JACOPO RUSTICUCCI)



Journeying along the pier, which crosses the sand, they are now so near the end of it as to hear the noise of the stream falling into the eighth circle, when they meet the spirits of three military men; who judging Dante, from his dress, to be a countryman of theirs, entreat him to stop. He complies, and speaks with them. The two poets then reach the place where the water descends, being the termination of this third compartment in the seventh circle; and here Virgil having thrown down into the hollow a cord, wherewith Dante was girt, they behold at that signal a monstrous and horrible figure come swimming up to them.

1. Now came I where the waters' din was heard,  
2. As down it fell into the other round,  
3. Resounding like the hum of swarming bees:  
4. When forth together issued from a troop,  
5. That passed beneath the fierce tormenting storm,  
6. Three spirits, running swift. They towards us came,  
7. And each one cried aloud, "Oh do you stay!  
8. Who by the fashion of your garb we deem  
9. To be some inmate of our evil land."

• • •

10. Ah me! What wounds I marked upon their limbs,  
11. Recent and old, inflicted by the flames!  
12. Even the remembrance of them grieves me yet.

• • •

13. Attentive to their cry my teacher paused,  
14. And turned to me his visage, and then spoke;  
15. "Wait now! Our courtesy these merit well:  
16. And were it not for the nature of the place,  
17. When glide the fiery darts, I should have said,  
18. That haste had better suited you than them."

• • •

19. They, when we stopped, resumed their ancient wail,  
20. And soon as they had reached us, all the three  
21. Whirled round together in one restless wheel.  
22. As naked champions, smeared with slippery oil,  
23. Are wont intent to watch their place of hold  
24. And vantage, here in closer strife they meet;  
25. Then each one, as he wheeled, his countenance  
26. At me directed, so that opposite  
27. The neck moved ever to the twinkling feet.

• • •

28. "If misery of this drear wilderness,"  
29. Then one began, "added to our sad cheer  
30. And destitute, do call forth scorn on us  
31. And our entreaties, let our great renown





GUIDO GUERRA, ALDOBRINDINI AND JACOPO RUSTICUCCI

32. Incline you to inform us who you are,  
33. That does imprint with living feet unharmed  
34. The soil of Hell. He, in whose track you see  
35. My steps pursuing, naked though he be  
36. And reft of all, was of more high estate  
37. Than you believed; grandchild of the chaste  
38. Gualdrada, him they Guidoguerra called,  
39. Who in his lifetime many a noble act  
40. Achieved, both by his wisdom and his sword.  
41. The other, next to me that beats the sand,  
42. Is Aldobrandi, name deserving well,  
43. In the upper world, of honour; and myself  
44. Who in this torment do partake with them,  
45. Am Rusticucci, who, past doubt, my wife  
46. Of savage temper, more than aught beside  
47. Has to this evil brought.” If from the fire  
48. I had been sheltered, down amidst them straight  
49. I then had cast me, nor my guide, I deem,  
50. Would have restrained my going; but that fear  
51. Of the dire burning vanquished the desire,  
52. Which made me eager of their wished embrace.

• • •

53. I then began: “Not scorn, but grief much more,  
54. Such as long time alone can cure, your doom  
55. Fixed deep within me, soon as this my lord  
56. Spoke words, whose tenor taught me to expect  
57. That such a race, as you are, was at hand.  
58. I am a countryman of yours, who still  
59. Affectionate have uttered, and have heard  
60. Your deeds and names renowned. Leaving the gall  
61. For the sweet fruit I go, that a sure guide  
62. Has promised to me. But obliges, that far  
63. As to the centre first I downward tend.”

• • •

64. “So may long space your spirit guide your limbs,”



65. He answer straight returned; “and so your fame  
66. Shine bright, when you are gone; as you shall tell,  
67. If courtesy and valour, as they wont,  
68. Dwell in our city, or have vanished clean?  
69. For one amidst us late condemned to wail,  
70. Borsiere, yonder walking with his peers,  
71. Grieves us no little by the news he brings.”

• • •

72. “An upstart multitude and sudden gains,  
73. Pride and excess, O Florence! Have in you  
74. Engendered, so that now in tears you mourn!”  
75. Then cried I with my face upraised, and they  
76. All three, who for an answer took my words,  
77. Looked at each other, as men look when truth  
78. Comes to their ear. “If you at other times,”  
79. They all at once rejoined, “so easily  
80. Satisfy those, who question, happy you,  
81. Gifted with words, so apt to speak your thought!  
82. Wherefore if you escape this darksome clime,  
83. Returning to behold the radiant stars,  
84. When you with pleasure shall retrace the past,  
85. See that of us you speak among mankind.”

• • •

86. This said, they broke the circle, and so swift  
87. Fled, that as pinions seemed their nimble feet.

• • •

88. Not in so short a time might one have said  
89. “Amen,” as they had vanished. Straight my guide  
90. Pursued his track. I followed; and small space  
91. Had we passed onward, when the waters’ sound  
92. Was now so near at hand, that we had scarce  
93. Heard one anothers’ speech for the loud din.

• • •

94. Even as the river, that holds on its course  
95. Unmingled, from the mount of Vesulo,

96. On the left side of Apennine, toward  
97. The east, which Acquacheta higher up  
98. They call, here it descend into the valley,  
99. At Forli by that name no longer known,  
100. Rebells over Saint Benedict, rolled on  
101. From the Alpine summit down a precipice,  
102. Where space enough to lodge a thousand spreads;  
103. Then downward from a craggy steep we found,  
104. That this dark wave resounded, roaring loud,  
105. So that the ear its clamour soon had stunned.

• • •

106. I had a cord that braced my girdle round,  
107. Wherewith I erst had thought fast bound to take  
108. The painted leopard. This when I had all  
109. Unloosened from me (so my master bade)  
110. I gathered up, and stretched it forth to him.  
111. Then to the right he turned, and from the brink  
112. Standing few paces distant, cast it down  
113. Into the deep abyss. "And somewhat strange,"  
114. Then to myself I spoke, "signal so strange  
115. Betokens, which my guide with earnest eye  
116. Then follows." Ah! What caution must men use  
117. With those who look not at the deed alone,  
118. But spy into the thoughts with subtle skill!

• • •

119. "Quickly shall come," he said, "what I expect,  
120. Your eye discover quickly, that whereof  
121. Your thought is dreaming." Ever to that truth,  
122. Which but the semblance of a falsehood wears,  
123. A man, if possible, should bar his lip;  
124. Since, although blameless, he incurs reproach.  
125. But silence here were vain; and by these notes  
126. Which now I sing, reader! I swear to you,  
127. So may they favour find to latest times!  
128. That through the gross and murky air I spied

129. A shape come swimming up, that might have quelled  
130. The stoutest heart with wonder, in such guise  
131. As one returns, who have been down to loose  
132. An anchor grappled fast against some rock,  
133. Or to aught else that in the salt wave lies,  
134. Who upward springing close draws in his feet.



# CANTO XVII

## THE ARGUMENT

THE SEVENTH CIRCLE  
GERYON: THE USURERS

• • •

The monster Geryon is described; to whom while Virgil is speaking in order that he may carry them both down to the next circle, Dante, by permission, goes a little further along the edge of the void, to decry the third species of sinners contained in this compartment, namely, those who have done violence to Art; and then returning to his master, they both descend, seated on the back of Geryon.

1. "LO! The fell monster with the deadly sting!  
2. Who passes mountains, breaks through fenced walls  
3. And firm embattled spears, and with his filth  
4. Taints all the world!" Then me my guide addressed,  
5. And beckoned him, that he should come to shore,  
6. Near to the stony causeways' utmost edge.

• • •

7. Forthwith that image vile of fraud appeared,  
8. His head and upper part exposed on land,  
9. But laid not on the shore his bestial train.  
10. His face the semblance of a just mans' wore,  
11. So kind and gracious was its outward cheer;  
12. The rest was serpent all: two shaggy claws  
13. Reached to the armpits, and the back and breast,  
14. And either side, were painted over with nodes  
15. And orbits. Colours variegated more  
16. Nor Turks nor Tartars ever on cloth of state  
17. With interchangeable embroidery wove,  
18. Nor spread Arachne over her curious loom.  
19. As often times a light skiff, moored to the shore,  
20. Stands part in water, part upon the land;  
21. Or, as where dwells the greedy German boor,  
22. The beaver settles watching for his prey;  
23. So on the rim, that fenced the sand with rock,  
24. Sat perched the fiend of evil. In the void  
25. Glancing, his tail upturned its venomous fork,  
26. With sting like scorpions' armed. Then then my guide:  
27. "Now need our way must turn few steps apart,  
28. Far as to that ill beast, who couches there."

• • •

29. Thereat toward the right our downward course  
30. We shaped, and, better to escape the flame  
31. And burning marle, ten paces on the verge  
32. Proceeded. Soon as we to him arrive,  
33. A little further on my eye beholds



THE USURERS

34. A tribe of spirits, seated on the sand  
35. Near the wide chasm. Forthwith my master spoke:  
36. "That to the full your knowledge may extend  
37. Of all this round contains, go now, and mark  
38. The mien these wear: but hold not long discourse.  
39. Till you returned, I with him meantime  
40. Will parley, that to us he may vouchsafe  
41. The aid of his strong shoulders." Then alone  
42. Yet forward on the' extremity I paced  
43. Of that seventh circle, where the mournful tribe  
44. Were seated. At the eyes forth gushed their pangs.  
45. Against the vapours and the torrid soil  
46. Alternately their shifting hands they plied.  
47. Then use the dogs in summer still to ply  
48. Their jaws and feet by turns, when bitten sore  
49. By gnats, or flies, or gadflies swarming round.

• • •

50. Noting the visages of some, who lay  
51. Beneath the pelting of that dolorous fire,  
52. One of them all I knew not; but perceived,  
53. That pendent from his neck each bore a pouch  
54. With colours and with emblems various marked,  
55. On which it seemed as if their eye did feed.

• • •

56. And when amongst them looking round I came,  
57. A yellow purse I saw with azure wrought,  
58. That wore a lions' countenance and port.  
59. Then still my sight pursuing its career,  
60. Another I beheld, than blood more red.  
61. A goose display of whiter wing than curd.  
62. And one, who bore a fat and azure swine  
63. Pictured on his white scrip, addressed me then:  
64. "What does you in this deep? Go now and know,  
65. Since yet you livest, that my neighbour here  
66. Vitaliano on my left shall sits.  
67. A Paduan with these Florentines am I.



68. Often times they thunder in my ears, exclaiming  
69. 'O haste that noble knight! He who the pouch  
70. With the three beaks will bring!'" This said, he writhed  
71. The mouth, and lolled the tongue out, like an ox  
72. That licks his nostrils. I, lest longer stay  
73. He ill might brook, who bade me stay not long,  
74. Backward my steps from those sad spirits turned.

• • •

75. My guide already seated on the haunch  
76. Of the fierce animal I found; and then  
77. He me encouraged. "Be you stout; be bold.  
78. Down such a steep flight must we now descend!  
79. Mount you before: for that no power the tail  
80. May have to harm you, I will be In the midst."

• • •

81. As one, who have an ague fit so near,  
82. His nails already are turned blue, and he  
83. Quivers all over, if he but eye the shade;  
84. Such was my cheer at hearing of his words.  
85. But shame soon interposed her threat, who makes  
86. The servant bold in presence of his lord.

• • •

87. I settled me upon those shoulders huge,  
88. And would have said, but that the words to aid  
89. My purpose came not, "Look you clasp me firm!"

• • •

90. But he whose succour then not first I proved,  
91. Soon as I mounted, in his arms aloft,  
92. Embracing, held me up, and then he spoke:  
93. "Geryon! Now move you! Be your wheeling gyros  
94. Of ample circuit, easy your descent.  
95. Think on the unusual burden you sustained."

• • •

96. As a small vessel, beckoning out from land,  
97. Her station quits; so then the monster loosed,  
98. And when he felt himself at large, turned round



99.           There where the breast had been, his forked tail.  
100.       Then, like an eel, outstretched at length he steered,  
101.           Gathering the air up with retractile claws.

• • •

102.           Not greater was the dread when Phaeton  
103.       The reins let drop at random, when high heaven,  
104.       Whereof signs yet appear, was rapt in flames;  
105.           Nor when ill-fated Icarus perceived,  
106.           By liquefaction of the scalded wax,  
107.       The trusted pennons loosened from his loins,  
108.       His sire exclaiming loud, "Ill way you keep!"  
109.       Than was my dread, when round me on each part  
110.       The air I viewed, and other object none  
111.       Save the fell beast. He slowly sailing, wheels  
112.       His downward motion, unobserved of me,  
113.           But that the wind, arising to my face,  
114.       Breathes on me from below. Now on our right  
115.           I heard the cataract beneath us leap  
116.       With hideous crash; when bending down to' explore,  
117.           New terror I conceived at the steep plunge:  
118.       For flames I saw, and wailings struck my ear:  
119.       So that all trembling close I crouched my limbs,  
120.       And then distinguished, unperceived before,  
121.           By the dread torments that on every side  
122.       Drew nearer, how our downward course we wound.

• • •

123.           As falcon, that have long been on the wing,  
124.       But lure nor bird have seen, while in despair  
125.       The falconer cries, "Ah me! You stoops to earth!"  
126.       Wearied descends, and swiftly down the sky  
127.       In many an orbit wheels, then lighting sits  
128.       At distance from his lord in angry mood;  
129.           So Geryon lighting places us on foot  
130.       Low down at base of the deep-furrowed rock,  
131.       And, of his burden there discharged, forthwith  
132.       Sprang forward, like an arrow from the string.

# CANTO XVIII

## THE ARGUMENT

THE EIGHTH CIRCLE  
FRAUD: THE PANDERERS

• • •

The poet describes the situation and form of the eighth circle, divided into ten gulfs, which contain as many different descriptions of fraudulent sinners; but in the present canto he treats only of two sorts: the first is of those who, either for their own pleasure or for that of another, have seduced any woman from her duty; and these are scourged of demons in the first gulf; the other sort is of flatterers, who in the second gulf are condemned to remain immersed in filth.

1.           There is a place within the depths of hell  
2.           Called Malebolge, all of rock dark-stained  
3.           With hue ferruginous, even as the steep  
4.       That round it circling winds. Right in the midst  
5.           Of that abominable region, yawns  
6.       A spacious gulf profound, whereof the frame  
7.           Due time shall tell. The circle, that remains,  
8.       Throughout its round, between the gulf and base  
9.           Of the high craggy banks, successive forms  
10.          Ten trenches, in its hollow bottom sunk.

• • •

11.          As where to guard the walls, full many a foss  
12.          Begirds some stately castle, sure defence  
13.          Affording to the space within, so here  
14.          Were modeled these; and as like fortresses  
15.       Even from their threshold to the brink without,  
16.       Are flanked with bridges; from the rocks' low base  
17.       Then flinty paths advanced, that 'cross the moles  
18.          And dikes, struck onward far as to the gulf,  
19.          That in one bound collected cuts them off.  
20.       Such was the place, wherein we found ourselves  
21.       From Geryons' back dislodged. The bard to left  
22.          Held on his way, and I behind him moved.

• • •

23.          On our right hand new misery I saw,  
24.          New pains, new executioners of wrath,  
25.       That swarming peopled the first chasm. Below  
26.          Were naked sinners. Hitherward they came,  
27.          Meeting our faces from the middle point,  
28.          With us beyond but with a larger stride.  
29.       Even then the Romans, when the year returns  
30.          Of Jubilee, with better speed to rid  
31.       The thronging multitudes, their means devise  
32.          For such as pass the bridge; that on one side  
33.          All front toward the castle, and approach

34. Saint Peters' feign, on the other towards the mount.

• • •

35. Each diverse way along the grisly rock,  
36. Horned demons I beheld, with lashes huge,  
37. That on their back unmercifully struck.  
38. Ah! How they made them bound at the first stripe!

• • •

39. None for the second waited nor the third.

• • •

40. Meantime as on I passed, one met my sight  
41. Who soon as viewed; "Of him," cried I, "not yet  
42. My eye have had his fill." With fixed gaze  
43. I therefore scanned him. Straight the teacher kind  
44. Paused with me, and consented I should walk  
45. Backward a space, and the tormented spirit,  
46. Who thought to hide him, bent his visage down.  
47. But it availed him nought; for I exclaimed:  
48. "You who does cast your eye upon the ground,  
49. Unless your features do belie you much,  
50. Venedico are you. But what brings you  
51. Into this bitter seasoning?" He replied:  
52. "Unwillingly I answer to your words.  
53. But your clear speech, that to my mind recalls  
54. The world I once inhabited, constrains me.  
55. Know then it was I who led fair Ghisola  
56. To do the Marquis' will, however fame  
57. The shameful tale have bruited. Nor alone  
58. Bologna here sends me to mourn  
59. Rather with us the place is so over thronged  
60. That not so many tongues this day are taught,  
61. Between the Reno and Savenas' stream,  
62. To answer SIPA in their countrys' phrase.  
63. And if of that securer proof you need,  
64. Remember but our craving thirst for gold."

65. Him speaking then, a demon with his thong  
66. Struck, and exclaimed, "Away! Corrupter! Here  
67. Women are none for sale." Forthwith I joined  
68. My escort, and few paces then we came  
69. To where a rock forth issued from the bank.  
70. That easily ascended, to the right  
71. Upon its splinter turning, we depart  
72. From those eternal barriers. When arrived,  
73. Where underneath the gaping arch lets pass  
74. The scourged souls: "Pause here," the teacher said,  
75. "And let these others miserable, now  
76. Strike on your ken, faces not yet beheld,  
77. For that together they with us have walked."



78. From the old bridge we eyed the pack, who came  
79. From the other side towards us, like the rest,  
80. Excoriate from the lash. My gentle guide,  
81. By me unquestioned, then his speech resumed:  
82. "Behold that lofty shade, who this way tends,  
83. And seems too woe-begone to drop a tear.  
84. How yet the regal aspect he retains!  
85. Jason is he, whose skill and prowess won  
86. The ram from Colchos. To the Lemnian isle  
87. His passage there led him, when those bold  
88. And pitiless women had slain all their males.  
89. There he with tokens and fair witching words  
90. Hypsipyle beguiled, a virgin young,  
91. Who first had all the rest herself beguiled.  
92. Impregnated he left her there forlorn.  
93. Such is the guilt condemns him to this pain.  
94. Here too Medeas' injuries are avenged.  
95. All bear him company, who like deceit  
96. To his have practiced. And then much to know  
97. Of the first valley suffice you, and of those  
98. Who its keen torments urge." Now had we come





THE PANDERERS

99. Where, crossing the next pier, the straightened path  
100. Bestrides its shoulders to another arch.

• • •

101. Here in the second chasm we heard the ghosts,  
102. Who jibber in low melancholy sounds,  
103. With wide-stretched nostrils snort, and on themselves  
104. Smite with their palms. Upon the banks a scurf  
105. From the foul steam condensed, encrusting hung,  
106. That held sharp combat with the sight and smell.

• • •

107. So hollow is the depth, that from no part,  
108. Save on the summit of the rocky span,  
109. Could I distinguish aught. Then far we came;  
110. And then I saw, within the foss below,  
111. A crowd immersed in ordure, that appeared  
112. Draff of the human body. There beneath  
113. Searching with eye inquisitive, I marked  
114. One with his head so grimed, it were hard to deem,  
115. If he were clerk or layman. Loud he cried:  
116. “Why greedily then bend more on me,  
117. Than on these other filthy ones, your ken?”

• • •

118. “Because if true my memory,” I replied,  
119. “I heretofore have seen you with dry locks,  
120. And you Alessio are of Lucca sprung.  
121. Therefore than all the rest I scan you more.”

• • •

122. Then beating on his brain these words he spoke:  
123. “Me then low down my flatteries have sunk,  
124. Wherewith I never enough could glut my tongue.”

• • •

125. My leader then: “A little further stretch  
126. Your face, that you the visage well may note  
127. Of that besotted, sluttish courtesan,  
128. Who there does rend her with defiled nails,

129. Now crouching down, now risen on her feet.

• • •

130. “Thais is this, the harlot, whose false lip  
131. Answered her doting paramour that asked,  
132. ‘Thank me much!’—Stay rather wondrously,  
133. And seeing this here satiate be our view.”

# CANTO XIX

## THE ARGUMENT

### THE EIGHTH CIRCLE

#### POPES

• • •

They come to the third gulf, wherein are punished those who have been guilty of simony. These are fixed with the head downward in certain apertures, so that no more of them than the legs appears without, and on the soles of their feet are seen furling flames. Dante is taken down by his guide into the bottom of the gulf; and there finds Pope Nicholas the fifth, whose evil deeds, together with those of the other pontiffs, are bitterly reprehended. Virgil then carries him up against to the arch, which affords them a passage over the following gulf.



1.                   Woe to you, Simon Magus! Woe to you,  
2.                   His wretched followers! Who the things of God,  
3.                   Which should be wedded unto goodness, them,  
4.                   Rapacious as you are, do prostitute  
5.                   For gold and silver in adultery!  
6.                   Now must the trumpet sound for you, since yours  
7.                   Is the third chasm. Upon the following vault  
8.                   We now had mounted, where the rock impends  
9.                   Directly over the centre of the foss.

• • •

10.                  Wisdom Supreme! How wonderful the are,  
11.                  Which you does manifest in heaven, in earth,  
12.                  And in the evil world, how just a meed  
13.                  Allotting by your virtue unto all!

• • •

14.                  I saw the livid stone, throughout the sides  
15.                  And in its bottom full of apertures,  
16.                  All equal in their width, and circular each,  
17.                  Nor ample less nor larger they appeared  
18.                  Than in Saint Johns' fair dome of me beloved  
19.                  Those framed to hold the pure baptismal streams,  
20.                  One of the which I break, some few years past,  
21.                  To save a whelming infant; and be this  
22.                  A seal to undeceive whoever doubts  
23.                  The motive of my deed. From out the mouth  
24.                  Of every one, emerged a sinners' feet  
25.                  And of the legs high upward as the calf  
26.                  The rest beneath was hid. On either foot  
27.                  The soles were burning, when the flexible joints  
28.                  Glanced with such violent motion, as had snapped  
29.                  Asunder cords or twisted withs. As flame,  
30.                  Feeding on unctuous matter, glides along  
31.                  The surface, scarcely touching where it moves;  
32.                  So here, from heel to point, glided the flames.



33. "Master! Say who is he, than all the rest  
34. Glancing in fiercer agony, on who  
35. A ruddier flame does prey?" I then inquired.

• • •

36. "If you be willing," he replied, "that I  
37. Carry you down, where least the slope bank falls,  
38. He of himself shall tell you and his wrongs."

• • •

39. I then: "As pleases you to me is best.  
40. You are my lord; and knows that never I quit  
41. Your will: what silence hides that knows you."  
42. Thereat on the fourth pier we came, we turned,  
43. And on our left descended to the depth,  
44. A narrow strait and perforated close.  
45. Nor from his side my leader set me down,  
46. Till to his orifice he brought, whose limb  
47. Quivering expressed his pang. "Whoever you are,  
48. Sad spirit! Then reversed, and as a stake  
49. Driven in the soil!" I in these words began,  
50. "If you be able, utter forth your voice."

• • •

51. There stood I like the friar, that does thrive  
52. A wretch for murder doomed, who even when fixed,  
53. Called him back, when death awhile delays.

• • •

54. He shouted: "Ha! Already stands there?  
55. Already stands there, O Boniface!  
56. By many a year the writing played me false.  
57. So early does you surfeit with the wealth,  
58. For which you fears not in guile to take  
59. The lovely lady, and then mangle her?"

• • •

60. I felt as those who, piercing not the drift  
61. Of answer made them, stand as if exposed  
62. In mockery, nor know what to reply,

63. When Virgil then admonished: "Tell him quick,  
64. I am not he, not he, who you believed."

• • •

65. And I, as was enjoined me, straight replied.

• • •

66. That heard, the spirit all did wrench his feet,  
67. And sighing next in woeful accent spoke:  
68. "What then of me requires?" "If to know  
69. So much imports you, who I am, that you  
70. Have therefore down the bank descended, learn  
71. That in the mighty mantle I was robed,  
72. And of a she-bear was indeed the son,  
73. So eager to advance my whelps, that there  
74. My having in my purse above I stowed,  
75. And here myself. Under my head are dragged  
76. The rest, my predecessors in the guilt  
77. Of simony. Stretched at their length they lie  
78. Along an opening in the rock. Amidst them  
79. I also low shall fall, soon as he comes,  
80. For who I took you, when so hastily  
81. I questioned. But already longer time  
82. Has passed, since my souls kindled, and I then  
83. Upright have stood, than is his doom to stand  
84. Planted with fiery feet. For after him,  
85. One yet of deeds more ugly shall arrive,  
86. From forth the west, a shepherd without law,  
87. Fated to cover both his form and mine.  
88. He a new Jason shall be called, of who  
89. In Maccabees we read; and favour such  
90. As to that priest his king indulgent showed,  
91. Shall be of Frances' monarch shown to him."

• • •

92. I know not if I here too far presumed,  
93. But in this strain I answered: "Tell me now,  
94. What treasures from St. Peter at the first

95. Our Lord demanded, when he put the keys  
96. Into his charge? Surely he asked no more  
97. But, Follow me! Nor Peter nor the rest  
98. Or gold or silver of Matthias took,  
99. When lots were cast upon the forfeit place  
100. Of the condemned soul. Abide you then;  
101. Your punishment of right is merited:  
102. And look you well to that ill-gotten coin,  
103. Which against Charles your hardihood inspired.  
104. If reverence of the keys restrained me not,  
105. Which you in happier time did hold, I yet  
106. Severer speech might use. Your avarice  
107. Overcasts the world with mourning, under foot  
108. Treading the good, and raising bad men up.  
109. Of shepherds, like to you, the Evangelist  
110. Was ware, when her, who sits upon the waves,  
111. With kings in filthy whoredom he beheld,  
112. She who with seven heads towered at her birth,  
113. And from ten horns her proof of glory drew,  
114. Long as her spouse in virtue took delight.  
115. Of gold and silver you have made your god,  
116. Differing wherein from the idolater,  
117. But he that worships one, a hundred you?  
118. Ah, Constantine! To how much ill gave birth,  
119. Not your conversion, but that plenteous dower,  
120. Which the first wealthy Father gained from you!"

• • •

121. Meanwhile, as then I sung, he, whether wrath  
122. Or conscience struck him, violent up sprang  
123. Spinning on either sole. I do believe  
124. My teacher well was pleased, with so composed  
125. A lip, he listened ever to the sound  
126. Of the true words I uttered. In both arms  
127. He caught, and to his bosom lifting me  
128. Upward retraced the way of his descent.

129. Nor weary of his weight he pressed me close,  
130. Till to the summit of the rock we came,  
131. Our passage from the fourth to the fifth pier.  
132. His cherished burden there gently he placed  
133. Upon the rugged rock and steep, a path  
134. Not easy for the clambering goat to mount.  
• • •  
135. Then to my view another valley appeared

# CANTO XX

## THE ARGUMENT

### THE EIGHTH CIRCLE INTELLECTUAL FRAUD: ASTROLOGY

• • •

The Poet relates the punishment of such as presumed, while living, to predict future events. It is to have their faces reversed and set contrary way on their limbs, so that, being deprived of the power to see before them, they are constrained ever to walk backward. Among these Virgil points out to him Amphiaraus, Tiresias, Aruns, and Manto (from the mention of who he takes occasion to speak of the origin of Mantua), together with several others, who had practiced the arts of divination and astrology.



1. And now the verse proceeds to torments new,  
2. Fit argument of this the twentieth strain  
3. Of the first song, whose awful theme records  
4. The spirits whelmed in woe. Earnest I looked  
5. Into the depth, that opened to my view,  
6. Moistened with tears of anguish, and beheld  
7. A tribe, that came along the hollow valley,  
8. In silence weeping: such their step as walk  
9. Quires chanting solemn litanies on earth.

• • •

10. As on them more direct my eye descends,  
11. Each wondrously seemed to be reversed  
12. At the neck-bone, so that the countenance  
13. Was from the reins averted: and because  
14. None might before him look, they were compelled  
15. To' advance with backward gait. Then one perhaps  
16. Has been by force of palsy clean transposed,  
17. But I never saw it nor believe it so.

• • •

18. Now, reader! Think within yourself, so God  
19. Fruit of your reading give you! How I long  
20. Could keep my visage dry, when I beheld  
21. Near me our form distorted in such guise,  
22. That on the hinder parts fallen from the face  
23. The tears down-streaming rolled. Against a rock  
24. I leant and wept, so that my guide exclaimed:  
25. "What, and are you too witless as the rest?  
26. Here pity most does show herself alive,  
27. When she is dead. What guilt exceeded his,  
28. Who with Heavens' judgment in his passion strives?  
29. Raise up your head, raise up, and see the man,  
30. Before whose eyes earth gaped in Thebes, when all  
31. Cried out, 'Amphiaraus, whither rushes?  
32. 'Why leaves you the war?' He not the less  
33. Fell ruining far as to Minos down,



PUNISHMENT OF SORCERERS AND DIVINERS

34. Whose grapple none eludes. Lo! How he makes  
35. The breast his shoulders, and who once too far  
36. Before him wished to see, now backward looks,  
37. And treads reverse his path. Tiresias note,  
38. Who semblance changed, when woman he became  
39. Of male, through every limb transformed, and then  
40. Once more obliged him with his rod to strike  
41. The two entwining serpents, here the plumes,  
42. That marked the better sex, might shoot again.

• • •

43. “Aruns, with more his belly facing, comes.  
44. On Lunis’ mountains amidst the marbles white,  
45. Where delves Carraras’ hind, who wons beneath,  
46. A cavern was his dwelling, when the stars  
47. And main-sea wide in boundless view he held.

• • •

48. “The next, whose loosened tresses overspread  
49. Her bosom, which you see not (for each hair  
50. On that side grows) was Manto, she who searched  
51. Through many regions, and at length her seat  
52. Fixed in my native land, when a short space  
53. My words detain your audience. When her sire  
54. From life departed, and in servitude  
55. The city dedicate to Bacchus mourned,  
56. Long time she went a wanderer through the world.  
57. Aloft in Italys’ delightful land  
58. A lake there lies, at foot of that proud Alp,  
59. That over the Tyrol locks Germania in,  
60. Its name Benacus, which a thousand rills,  
61. Methinks, and more, water between the valley  
62. Camonica and Garda and the height  
63. Of Apennine remote. There is a spot  
64. At midway of that lake, where he who bears  
65. Of Trentos’ flock the pastoral staff, with him  
66. Of Brescia, and the Veronese, might each



67.                   Passing that way his benediction give.  
68.                   A garrison of goodly site and strong  
69.                   Peschiera stands, to awe with front opposed  
70.                   The Bergamese and Brescian, when the shore  
71.                   More slope each way descends. There, whatsoever  
72.                   Benacus' bosom holds not, tumbling over  
73.                   Down falls, and winds a river flood beneath  
74.                   Through the green pastures. Soon as in his course  
75.                   The steam makes head, Benacus then no more  
76.                   They call the name, but Mincius, till at last  
77.                   Reaching Governo into Po he falls.  
78.                   Not far his course have run, when a wide flat  
79.                   It finds, which over stretching as a marsh  
80.                   It covers, pestilent in summer often.  
81.                   Here journeying, the savage maiden saw  
82.                   Amidst of the fen a territory waste  
83.                   And naked of inhabitants. To shun  
84.                   All human converse, here she with her slaves  
85.                   Plying her arts remained, and lived, and left  
86.                   Her body tenant-less. Thereforth the tribes,  
87.                   Who round were scattered, gathering to that place  
88.                   Assembled; for its strength was great, enclosed  
89.                   On all parts by the fen. On those dead bones  
90.                   They reared themselves a city, for her sake,  
91.                   Calling it Mantua, who first chose the spot,  
92.                   Nor asked another omen for the name,  
93.                   Wherein more numerous the people dwelt,  
94.                   Here Casalodis' madness by deceit  
95.                   Was wronged of Pinamonte. If you hear  
96.                   Henceforth another origin assigned  
97.                   Of that my country, I forewarn you now,  
98.                   That falsehood none beguile you of the truth."

• • •

99.                   I answered: "Teacher, I conclude your words  
100.                   So certain, that all else shall be to me

101. As embers lacking life. But now of these,  
102. Who here proceed, instruct me, if you see  
103. Any that merit more especial note.  
104. For thereon is my mind alone intent.”

• • •

105. He straight replied: “That spirit, from whose cheek  
106. The beard sweeps over his shoulders brown, what time  
107. Graecia was emptied of her males, that scarce  
108. The cradles were supplied, the seer was he  
109. In Aulis, who with Calchas gave the sign  
110. When first to cut the cable. Him they named  
111. Eurypilus: so sings my tragic strain,  
112. In which majestic measure well you know,  
113. Who know it all. That other, round the loins  
114. So slender of his shape, was Michael Scot,  
115. Practiced in every slight of magic wile.

• • •

116. “Guido Bonatti see: Asdente mark,  
117. Who now were willing, he had tended still  
118. The thread and cordwain; and too late repents.

• • •

119. “See next the wretches, who the needle left,  
120. The shuttle and the spindle, and became  
121. Diviners: baneful witcheries they wrought  
122. With images and herbs. But onward now:  
123. For now does Cain with fork of thorns confine  
124. On either hemisphere, touching the wave  
125. Beneath the towers of Seville. Yesternight  
126. The moon was round. You may remember well:  
127. For she good service did you in the gloom  
128. Of the deep wood.” This said, both onward moved.



# CANTO XXI

## THE ARGUMENT

### THE EIGHTH CIRCLE BARRATRY: FRAUD IN GOVERNMENT

• • •

Still in the eighth circle, which bears the name of Malebolge, they look down from the bridge that passes over its fifth gulf, upon the barterers or public peculators. These are plunged in a lake of boiling pitch, and guarded by Demons, to who Virgil, leaving Dante apart, presents himself; and license being obtained to pass onward, both pursue their way.

1. Then we from bridge to bridge, with other talk,  
2. The which my drama cares not to rehearse,  
3. Passed on; and to the summit reaching, stood  
4. To view another gap, within the round  
5. Of Malebolge, other bootless pangs.

• • •

6. Marvellous darkness shadowed over the place.

• • •

7. In the Venetians' arsenal as boils  
8. Through wintry months tenacious pitch, to smear  
9. Their unsound vessels; for the inclement time  
10. Sea-faring men restrains, and in that while  
11. His bark one builds anew, another stops  
12. The ribs of his, that have made many a voyage;  
13. One hammers at the prow, one at the poop;  
14. This shape oars, that other cables twirls,  
15. The mizzen one repairs and main-sail rent  
16. So not by force of fire but are divine  
17. Boiled here a glutinous thick mass, that round  
18. Limed all the shore beneath. I that beheld,  
19. But therein nought distinguished, save the surge,  
20. Raised by the boiling, in one mighty swell  
21. Heave, and by turns subsiding and fall. While there  
22. I fixed my ken below, "Mark! Mark!" My guide  
23. Exclaiming, drew me towards him from the place,  
24. Wherein I stood. I turned myself as one,  
25. Impatient to behold that which beheld  
26. He needs must shun, who sudden fear unmans,  
27. That he his flight delays not for the view.  
28. Behind me I discerned a devil black,  
29. That running, up advanced along the rock.  
30. Ah! What fierce cruelty his look spoke!  
31. In act how bitter did he seem, with wings  
32. Buoyant outstretched and feet of nimblest tread!  
33. His shoulder proudly eminent and sharp



THEY GRAPPLED HIM WITH MORE THAN A HUNDRED HOOKS

34. Was with a sinner charged; by either haunch  
35. He held him, the foots' sinew griping fast.

• • •

36. "You of our bridge!" He cried, "keen-taloned fiends!  
37. Lo! One of Santa Zitas' elders! Him  
38. Whelm you beneath, while I return for more.  
39. That land have store of such. All men are there,  
40. Except Bonturo, barterers: of 'no'  
41. For lucre there an 'aye' is quickly made."

• • •

42. Him dashing down, over the rough rock he turned,  
43. Nor ever after thief a mastiff loosed  
44. Sped with like eager haste. That other sank  
45. And forthwith writhing to the surface rose.  
46. But those dark demons, shrouded by the bridge,  
47. Cried "Here the hallowed visage saves not: here  
48. Is other swimming than in Serchios' wave.  
49. Wherefore if you desire we rend you not,  
50. Take heed you mount not over the pitch." This said,  
51. They grappled him with more than hundred hooks,  
52. And shouted: "Covered you must sport you here;  
53. So, if you can, in secret may you filch."

• • •

54. Even then the cook bestirs him, with his grooms,  
55. To thrust the flesh into the cauldron down  
56. With flesh-hooks, that it float not on the top.

• • •

57. Me then my guide spoke: "Lest they decry,  
58. That you are here, behind a craggy rock  
59. Bend low and screen you; and whatever of force  
60. Be offered me, or insult, fear you not:  
61. For I am well advised, who have been erst  
62. In the like fray." Beyond the bridges' head  
63. Therewith he passed, and reaching the sixth pier,  
64. Obligated him then a forehead terror-proof.



65. With storm and fury, as when dogs rush forth  
66. Upon the poor mans' back, who suddenly  
67. From when he stands makes his suit; so rushed  
68. Those from beneath the arch, and against him  
69. Their weapons all they pointed. He aloud:  
70. "Be none of you outrageous: here your time  
71. Dare seize me, come forth from amongst you one,

• • •

72. "Who having heard my words, decide he then  
73. If he shall tear these limbs." They shouted loud,  
74. "Go, Malacoda!" Whereat one advanced,  
75. The others standing firm, and as he came,  
76. "What may this turn avail him?" He exclaimed.

• • •

77. "Believe you, Malacoda! I had come  
78. Then far from all your skirmishing secure,"  
79. My teacher answered, "without will divine  
80. And destiny propitious? Pass we then  
81. For so Heavens' pleasure is, that I should lead  
82. Another through this savage wilderness."

• • •

83. Forthwith so fell his pride, that he let drop  
84. The instrument of torture at his feet,  
85. And to the rest exclaimed: "We have no power  
86. To strike him." Then to me my guide: "O you!  
87. Who on the bridge among the crags does sits  
88. Low crouching, safely now to me return."

• • •

89. I rose, and towards him moved with speed: the fiends  
90. Meantime all forward drew: me terror seized  
91. Lest they should break the compact they had made.  
92. Then issuing from Caprona, once I saw  
93. The infantry dreading, lest his covenant  
94. The foe should break; so close he hemmed them round.



95. I to my leaders' side adhered, my eyes  
96. With fixed and motionless observance bent  
97. On their unkindly visage. They their hooks  
98. Protruding, one the other then spoke:  
99. "Will you I touch him on the hip?" To who  
100. Was answered: "Even so; nor miss your aim."

• • •

101. But he, who was in conference with my guide,  
102. Turned rapid round, and then the demon spoke:  
103. "Stay, stay you, Scarmiglione!" Then to us  
104. He added: "Further footing to your step  
105. This rock affords not, shivered to the base  
106. Of the sixth arch. But would you still proceed,  
107. Up by this cavern go: not distant far,  
108. Another rock will yield you passage safe.  
109. Yesterday, later by five hours than now,  
110. Twelve hundred threescore years and six had filled  
111. The circuit of their course, since here the way  
112. Was broken. Thitherward I straight dispatch  
113. Certain of these my scouts, who shall espy  
114. If any on the surface bask. With them  
115. Go you: for you shall find them nothing fell.  
116. Come Alichino forth," with that he cried,  
117. "And Calcabrina, and Cagnazzo you!  
118. The troop of ten let Barbariccia lead.  
119. With Libicocco Draghinazzo haste,  
120. Fanged Ciriatto, Grafflacane fierce,  
121. And Farfarello, and mad Rubicant.  
122. Search you around the bubbling tar. For these,  
123. In safety lead them, where the other crag  
124. Uninterrupted traverses the dens."

• • •

125. I then: "O master! What a sight is there!  
126. Ah! Without escort, journey we alone,  
127. Which, if you know the way, I covet not.

128. Unless your prudence fail you, does not mark  
129. How they do gnarl upon us, and their scowl  
130. Threatens us present tortures?" He replied:  
131. "I charge you fear not: let them, as they will,  
132. Gnarl on: it is but in token of their spite  
133. Against the souls, who mourn in torment steeped."

• • •

134. To leftward over the pier they turned; but each  
135. Had first between his teeth pressed close the tongue,  
136. Toward their leader for a signal looking,  
137. Which he with sound obscene triumphant gave.

# CANTO XXII

## THE ARGUMENT

THE EIGHTH CIRCLE

FRAUD: BARRATRY

• • •

Virgil and Dante proceed, accompanied by the Demons, to see other sinners of the same description in the same gulf. The device of Ciampolo, one of these to escape from the Demons, who had laid hold on him.

1.                   It have been heretofore my chance to see  
2.                   Horsemen with martial order shifting camp,  
3.                   To onset sallying, or in muster ranged,  
4.                   Or in retreat sometimes outstretched for flight;  
5.                   Light-armed squadrons and fleet foragers  
6.                   Scouring your plains, Arezzo! Have I seen,  
7.                   And clashing tournaments, and tilting jousts,  
8.                   Now with the sound of trumpets, now of bells,  
9.                   Tabors, or signals made from castled heights,  
10.                   And with inventions multiform, our own,  
11.                   Or introduced from foreign land; but never  
12.                   To such a strange recorder I beheld,  
13.                   In evolution moving, horse nor foot,  
14.                   Nor ship, that tacked by sign from land or star.

• • •

15.                   With the ten demons on our way we went;  
16.                   Ah fearful company! But in the church  
17.                   With saints, with gluttons at the taverns' mess.

• • •

18.                   Still earnest on the pitch I gazed, to mark  
19.                   All things whatever the chasm contained, and those  
20.                   Who burned within. As dolphins, that, in sign  
21.                   To mariners, heave high their arched backs,  
22.                   That then forewarned they may advise to save  
23.                   Their threatened vessels; so, at intervals,  
24.                   To ease the pain his back some sinner showed,  
25.                   Then hid more nimbly than the lightning glance.

• • •

26.                   Even as the frogs, that of a watery moat  
27.                   Stand at the brink, with the jaws only out,  
28.                   Their feet and of the trunk all else concealed,  
29.                   Then on each part the sinners stood, but soon  
30.                   As Barbariccia was at hand, so they  
31.                   Drew back under the wave. I saw, and yet  
32.                   My heart does stagger, one, that waited then,

33. As it befalls that often one frog remains,  
34. While the next springs away: and Graffiacan,  
35. Who of the fiends was nearest, grappling seized  
36. His clotted locks, and dragged him sprawling up,  
37. That he appeared to me an otter. Each  
38. Already by their names I knew, so well  
39. When they were chosen, I observed, and marked  
40. How one the other called. "O Rubicant!  
41. See that his hide you with your talons flay,"  
42. Shouted together all the cursed crew.

• • •

43. Then I: "Inform you, master! If you may,  
44. What wretched soul is this, on who their hand  
45. His foes have laid." My leader to his side  
46. Approached, and when he came inquired, to who  
47. Was answered then: "Born in Navarres' domain  
48. My mother placed me in a lords' retinue,  
49. For she had borne me to a loser vile,  
50. A spendthrift of his substance and himself.  
51. The good king Thibault after that I served,  
52. To peculating here my thoughts were turned,  
53. Whereof I give account in this dire heat."

• • •

54. Straight Ciriatto, from whose mouth a tusk  
55. Issued on either side, as from a boar,  
56. Ripped him with one of these. Between evil claws  
57. The mouse had fallen: but Barbariccia cried,  
58. Seizing him with both arms: "Stand you apart,  
59. While I do fix him on my prong trans-pierced."  
60. Then added, turning to my guide his face,  
61. "Inquire of him, if more you wish to learn,  
62. Here he again be rent." My leader then:  
63. "Then tell us of the partners in your guilt;  
64. Knows you any sprung of Latian land  
65. Under the tar?"—"I parted," he replied,



66. "But now from one, who sojourned not far then;  
67. So were I under shelter now with him!  
68. Nor hook nor talon then should scare me more."—

• • •

69. "Too long we suffer," Libicocco cried,  
70. Then, darting forth a prong, seized on his arm,  
71. And mangled bore away the sinewy part.  
72. Him Draghinazzo by his thighs beneath  
73. Would next have caught, when angrily their chief,  
74. Turning on all sides round, with threatening brow  
75. Restrained them. When their strife a little ceased,  
76. Of him, who yet was gazing on his wound,  
77. My teacher then without delay inquired:  
78. "Who was the spirit, from who by evil hap  
79. Parting, as you has told, you cam to shore?"—

• • •

80. "It was the friar Gomita," he rejoined,  
81. "He of Gallura, vessel of all guile,  
82. Who had his masters' enemies in hand,  
83. And used them so that they commend him well.  
84. Money he took, and them at large dismissed.  
85. So he reports: and in each other charge  
86. Committed to his keeping, played the part  
87. Of barterer to the height: with him does herd  
88. The chief of Logodoro, Michel Zanche.  
89. Sardinia is a theme, whereof their tongue  
90. Is never weary. Out! Alas! Behold  
91. That other, how he grins! More would I say,  
92. But tremble lest he mean to maul me sore."

• • •

93. Their captain then to Farfarello turning,  
94. Who rolled his moony eyes in act to strike,  
95. Rebuked him then: "Off! Cursed bird! Avaunt!"—

• • •

96. "If you desire to see or hear," he then

97. Quaking with dread resumed, “or Tuscan spirits  
98. Or Lombard, I will cause them to appear.  
99. Meantime let these ill talons bate their fury,  
100. So that no vengeance they may fear from them,  
101. And I, remaining in this self-same place,  
102. Will for myself but one, make seven appear,  
103. When my shrill whistle shall be heard; for so  
104. Our custom is to call each other up.”

• • •

105. Cagnazzo at that word deriding grinned,  
106. Then wagged the head and spoke: “Hear his device,  
107. Mischievous as he is, to plunge him down.”

• • •

108. Whereto he then, who failed not in rich store  
109. Of nice-wove toils; “Mischief forsooth extreme,  
110. Meant only to procure myself more woe!”

• • •

111. No longer Alichino then refrained,  
112. But then, the rest gainsaying, him spoke:  
113. “If you do cast you down, I not on foot  
114. Will chase you, but above the pitch will beat  
115. My plumes. Quit we the vantage ground, and let  
116. The bank be as a shield, that we may see  
117. If singly you prevail against us all.”

• • •

118. Now, reader, of new sport expect to hear!

• • •

119. They each one turned his eyes to the other shore,  
120. He first, who was the hardest to persuade.  
121. The spirit of Navarre chose well his time,  
122. Planted his feet on land, and at one leap  
123. Escaping disappointed their resolve.

• • •

124. Them quick resentment stung, but him the most,  
125. Who was the cause of failure; in pursuit

126. He therefore sped, exclaiming: "You are caught."

• • •

127. But little it availed: terror outstripped  
128. His following flight: the other plunged beneath,  
129. And he with upward pinion raised his breast:  
130. Even then the water-fowl, when she perceives  
131. The falcon near, dives instant down, while he  
132. Enraged and spent retires. That mockery  
133. In Calcabrina fury stirred, who flew  
134. After him, with desire of strife inflamed;  
135. And, for the barterer had escaped, so turned  
136. His talons on his comrade. Over the dyke  
137. In grapple close they joined; but the other proved  
138. A goshawk able to rend well his foe;

• • •

139. And in the boiling lake both fell. The heat  
140. Was umpire soon between them, but in vain  
141. To lift themselves they strove, so fast were glued  
142. Their pennons. Barbariccia, as the rest,  
143. That chance lamenting, four in flight dispatched  
144. From the other coast, with all their weapons armed.  
145. They, to their post on each side speedily  
146. Descending, stretched their hooks toward the fiends,  
147. Who floundered, inwardly burning from their scars:  
148. And we departing left them to that broil.

# CANTO XXIII

## THE ARGUMENT

THE EIGHTH CIRCLE  
FRAUD: HYPOCRITES

• • •

The enraged Demons pursue Dante, but he is preserved from them by Virgil. On reaching the sixth gulf, he beholds the punishment of the hypocrites; which is, to pace continually round the gulf under the pressure of caps and bonds, that are gilt on the outside, but leaden within. He is addressed by two of these, Catalano and Loderingo, knights of Saint Mary, otherwise called Joyous Friars of Bologna. Calaphas is seen fixed to a cross on the ground and lies so stretched along the way, that all tread on him in passing.

1. In silence and in solitude we went,  
2. One first, the other following his steps,  
3. As minor friars journeying on their road.

• • •

4. The present fray had turned my thoughts to muse  
5. Upon old Aesops' fable, where he told  
6. What fate unto the mouse and frog befell.  
7. For language have not sounds more like in sense,  
8. Than are these chances, if the origin  
9. And end of each be heedfully compared.  
10. And as one thought bursts from another forth,  
11. So afterward from that another sprang,  
12. Which added doubly to my former fear.  
13. For then I reasoned: "These through us have been  
14. So foiled, with loss and mockery so complete,  
15. As needs must sting them sore. If anger then  
16. Be to their evil will conjoined, more fell  
17. They shall pursue us, than the savage hound  
18. Snatches the leveret, panting between his jaws."

• • •

19. Already I perceived my hair stand all  
20. On end with terror, and looked eager back.

• • •

21. "Teacher," I then began, "if speedily  
22. Yourself and me you hide not, much I dread  
23. Those evil talons. Even now behind  
24. They urge us: quick imagination works  
25. So forcibly, that I already feel them."

• • •

26. He answered: "Were I formed of leaded glass,  
27. I should not sooner draw unto myself  
28. Your outward image, than I now imprint  
29. That from within. This moment came your thoughts  
30. Presented before mine, with similar act  
31. And countenance similar, so that from both



32. I one design have framed. If the right coast  
33. Incline so much, that we may then descend  
34. Into the other chasm, we shall escape  
35. Secure from this imagined pursuit.”

• • •

36. He had not spoke his purpose to the end,  
37. When I from far beheld them with spread wings  
38. Approach to take us. Suddenly my guide  
39. Caught me, even as a mother that from sleep  
40. Is by the noise aroused, and near her see  
41. The climbing fires, who snatches up her babe  
42. And flies never pausing, careful more of him  
43. Than of herself, that but a single vest  
44. Clings round her limbs. Down from the jutting beach  
45. Supine he cast him, to that pendent rock,  
46. Which closes on one part the other chasm.

• • •

47. Never ran water with such hurrying pace  
48. Down the tube to turn a landmills’ wheel,  
49. When nearest it approaches to the spokes,  
50. As then along that edge my master ran,  
51. Carrying me in his bosom, as a child,  
52. Not a companion. Scarcely had his feet  
53. Reached to the lowest of the bed beneath,

• • •

54. When over us the steep they reached; but fear  
55. In him was none; for that high Providence,  
56. Which placed them ministers of the fifth foss,  
57. Power of departing then took from them all.

• • •

58. There in the depth we saw a painted tribe,  
59. Who paced with tardy steps around, and wept,  
60. Faint in appearance and overcome with toil.  
61. Caps had they on, with hoods, that fell low down  
62. Before their eyes, in fashion like to those

63. Worn by the monks in Cologne. Their outside  
64. Was overlaid with gold, dazzling to view,  
65. But leaden all within, and of such weight,  
66. That Fredericks' compared to these were straw.  
67. Oh, everlasting wearisome attire!

• • •

68. We yet once more with them together turned  
69. To leftward, on their dismal moan intent.  
70. But by the weight oppressed, so slowly came  
71. The fainting people, that our company  
72. Was changed at every movement of the step.

• • •

73. When I my guide addressed: "See that you find  
74. Some spirit, whose name may by his deeds be known,  
75. And to that end look round you as you go."

• • •

76. Then one, who understood the Tuscan voice,  
77. Cried after us aloud: "Hold in your feet,  
78. You who so swiftly speed through the dusk air.  
79. Perchance from me you shall obtain your wish."

• • •

80. Whereat my leader, turning, me spoke:  
81. "Pause, and then onward at their pace proceed."

• • •

82. I staid, and saw two Spirits in whose look  
83. Impatient eagerness of mind was marked  
84. To overtake me; but the load they bare  
85. And narrow path retarded their approach.

• • •

86. Soon as arrived, they with an eye askance  
87. Perused me, but spoke not: then turning each  
88. To other then conferring said: "This one  
89. Seems, by the action of his throat, alive.  
90. And, be they dead, what privilege allows  
91. They walk unmantled by the cumbrous stole?"

92. Then then to me: "Tuscan, who visited  
93. The college of the mourning hypocrites,  
94. Disdain not to instruct us who you are."

• • •

95. "By Arnos' pleasant stream," I then replied,  
96. "In the great city I was bred and grew,  
97. And wear the body I have ever worn.  
98. But who are you, from who such mighty grief,  
99. As now I witness, courses down your cheeks?  
100. What torment breaks forth in this bitter woe?"  
101. "Our bonnets gleaming bright with orange hue,"  
102. One of them answered, "are so leaden gross,  
103. That with their weight they make the balances  
104. To crack beneath them. Joyous friars we were,  
105. Bolognas' natives, Catalano I,  
106. He Loderingo named, and by your land  
107. Together taken, as men used to take  
108. A single and indifferent arbiter,  
109. To reconcile their strifes. How there we sped,  
110. Gardingos' vicinage can best declare."

• • •

111. "O friars!" I began, "your miseries—"  
112. But there break off, for one had caught my eye,  
113. Fixed to a cross with three stakes on the ground:  
114. He, when he saw me, writhed himself, throughout  
115. Distorted, ruffling with deep sighs his beard.  
116. And Catalano, who thereof was 'ware,

• • •

117. Then spoke: "That pierced spirit, who intent  
118. You view, was he who gave the Pharisees  
119. Counsel, that it were fitting for one man  
120. To suffer for the people. He does lie  
121. Transverse; nor any passes, but him first  
122. Behoves make feeling trial how each weighs.  
123. In straits like this along the foss are placed





HYPOCRITES

124. The father of his consort, and the rest  
125. Partakers in that council, seed of ill  
126. And sorrow to the Jews." I noted then,  
127. How Virgil gazed with wonder upon him,  
128. Then abjectly extended on the cross  
129. In banishment eternal. To the friar  
130. He next his words addressed: "We pray you tell,  
131. If so be lawful, whether on our right  
132. Lies any opening in the rock, whereby  
133. We both may issue here, without constraint  
134. On the dark angels, that compelled they come  
135. To lead us from this depth." He then replied:  
136. "Nearer than you does hope, there is a rock  
137. From the next circle moving, which oversteps  
138. Each valley of horror, save that here his cope  
139. Is shattered. By the ruin you may mount:  
140. For on the side it slants, and most the height  
141. Rises below." With head bent down awhile  
142. My leader stood, then spoke: "He warned us ill,  
143. Who yonder hangs the sinners on his hook."

• • •

144. To who the friar: "At Bologna erst  
145. I many vices of the devil heard,  
146. Among the rest was said, 'He is a liar,  
147. And the father of lies!'" When he had spoke,  
148. My leader with large strides proceeded on,  
149. Somewhat disturbed with anger in his look.

• • •

150. I therefore left the spirits heavy laden,  
151. And following, his beloved footsteps marked.



# CANTO XXIV

## THE ARGUMENT

THE EIGHTH CIRCLE

FRAUD: THIEVES

• • •

Under the escort of his faithful master, Dante not without difficulty makes his way out of the sixth gulf; and in the seventh, see the robbers tormented by venomous and pestilent serpents. The soul of Vanni Fucci, who had pillaged the sacristy of Saint James in Pistola, predicts some calamities that impended over that city, and over the Florentines.

1. In the years' early nonage, when the sun  
2. Tempers his tresses in Aquarius' urn,  
3. And now towards equal day the nights recede,  
4. When as the rime upon the earth puts on  
5. Her dazzling sisters' image, but not long  
6. Her milder sway endures, then rises up  
7. The village hind, who fails his wintry store,  
8. And looking out beholds the plain around  
9. All whitened, when impatiently he smites  
10. His thighs, and to his hut returning in,  
11. There paces to and fro, wailing his lot,  
12. As a discomfited and helpless man;  
13. Then comes he forth again, and feels new hope  
14. Spring in his bosom, finding even then soon  
15. The world have changed its countenance, grasps his crook,  
16. And forth to pasture drives his little flock:  
17. So me my guide disheartened when I saw  
18. His troubled forehead, and so speedily  
19. That ill was cured; for at the fallen bridge  
20. Arriving, towards me with a look as sweet,  
21. He turned him back, as that I first beheld  
22. At the steep mountains' foot. Regarding well  
23. The ruin, and some counsel first maintained  
24. With his own thought, he opened wide his arm  
25. And took me up. As one, who, while he works,  
26. Computes his labours' issue, that he seems  
27. Still to foresee the effect, so lifting me  
28. Up to the summit of one peak, he fixed  
29. His eye upon another. "Grapple that,"  
30. Said he, "but first make proof, if it be such  
31. As will sustain you." For one capped with lead  
32. This were no journey. Scarcely he, though light,  
33. And I, though onward pushed from crag to crag,  
34. Could mount. And if the precinct of this coast  
35. Were not less ample than the last, for him

36. I know not, but my strength had surely failed.  
37. But Malebolge all toward the mouth  
38. Inclining of the nethermost abyss,  
39. The site of every valley here requires,  
40. That one side upward slope, the other fall.

• • •

41. At length the point of our descent we reached  
42. From the last flag: soon as to that arrived,  
43. So was the breath exhausted from my lungs,  
44. I could no further, but did seat me there.

• • •

45. “Now needs your best of man;” so spoke my guide:  
46. “For not on downy plumes, nor under shade  
47. Of canopy reposing, fame is won,  
48. Without which whosoever consumes his days  
49. Leaves such vestige of himself on earth,  
50. As smoke in air or foam upon the wave.  
51. You therefore rise: vanish your weariness  
52. By the minds’ effort, in each struggle formed  
53. To vanquish, if she suffer not the weight  
54. Of her corporeal frame to crush her down.  
55. A longer ladder yet remains to scale.  
56. From these to have escaped sufficed not.  
57. If well you note me, profit by my words.”

• • •

58. I straight-away rose, and showed myself less spent  
59. Than I in truth did feel me. “On,” I cried,  
60. “For I am stout and fearless.” Up the rock  
61. Our way we held, more rugged than before,  
62. Narrower and steeper far to climb. From talk  
63. I ceased not, as we journeyed, so to seem  
64. Least faint; whereat a voice from the other foss  
65. Did issue forth, for utterance suited ill.  
66. Though on the arch that crosses there I stood,  
67. What were the words I knew not, but who spoke

68. Seemed moved in anger. Down I stooped to look,  
69. But my quick eye might reach not to the depth  
70. For shrouding darkness; wherefore then I spoke:  
71. “To the next circle, Teacher, bend your steps,  
72. And from the wall dismount we; for as here  
73. I hear and understand not, so I see  
74. Beneath, and naught discern.”—“I answer not,”  
75. Said he, “but by the deed. To fair request  
76. Silent performance makes best return.”

• • •

77. We from the bridges’ head descended, where  
78. To the eighth mound it joins, and then the chasm  
79. Opening to view, I saw a crowd within  
80. Of serpents terrible, so strange of shape  
81. And hideous, that remembrance in my veins  
82. Yet shrinks the vital current. Of her sands  
83. Let Libya vaunt no more: if Jaculus,  
84. Pareas and Chelyder be her brood,  
85. Cenchris and Amphisboena, plagues so dire  
86. Or in such numbers swarming never she shewed,  
87. Not with all Ethiopia, and whatever  
88. Above the Erythraean sea is spawned.

• • •

89. Amid this dread exuberance of woe  
90. Ran naked spirits winged with horrid fear,  
91. Nor hope had they of crevice where to hide,  
92. Or heliotrope to charm them out of view.  
93. With serpents were their hands behind them bound,  
94. Which through their reins infixes the tail and head  
95. Twisted in folds before. And lo! On one  
96. Near to our side, darted an adder up,  
97. And, where the neck is on the shoulders tied,  
98. Trans-pierced him. Far more quickly than ever pen  
99. Wrote O or I, he kindled, burned, and changed  
100. To ashes, all poured out upon the earth.

101. When there dissolved he lay, the dust again  
102. Up-rolled spontaneous, and the self-same form  
103. Instant resumed. So mighty sages tell,  
104. The Arabian Phoenix, when five hundred years  
105. Have well nigh circled, dies, and springs forthwith  
106. Renascent. Blade nor herb throughout his life  
107. He tastes, but tears of frankincense alone  
108. And odorous ammonium: swaths of nard  
109. And myrrh his funeral shroud. As one that falls,  
110. He knows not how, by force demoniac dragged  
111. To earth, or through obstruction fettering up  
112. In chains invisible the powers of man,  
113. Who, risen from his trance, gazes around,  
114. Bewildered with the monstrous agony  
115. He have endured, and wildly staring sighs;  
116. So stood aghast the sinner when he rose.

• • •

117. Oh! How severe Gods' judgment, that deals out  
118. Such blows in stormy vengeance! Who he was  
119. My teacher next inquired, and then in few  
120. He answered: "Vanni Fucci am I called,  
121. Not long since rained down from Tuscany  
122. To this dire gullet. Me the bestial life  
123. And not the human pleased, mule that I was,  
124. Who in Pistoia found my worthy den."

• • •

125. I then to Virgil: "Bid him stir not here,  
126. And ask what crime did thrust him here: once  
127. A man I knew him choleric and bloody."

• • •

128. The sinner heard and feigned not, but towards me  
129. His mind directing and his face, wherein  
130. Was dismal shame depicted, then he spoke:  
131. "It grieves me more to have been caught by you  
132. In this sad plight, which you behold, than



133.                   When I was taken from the other life.  
134.                   I have no power permitted to deny  
135.           What you inquired.” I am doomed then low  
136.                   To dwell, for that the sacristy by me  
137.                   Was rifled of its goodly ornaments,  
138.                   And with the guilt another falsely charged.  
139.                   But that you may not joy to see me then,  
140.           So as you ever shall escape this darksome realm  
141.                   Open your ears and hear what I forebode.  
142.                   Reft of the Neri first Pistoia pines,  
143.                   Then Florence changed citizens and laws.  
144.                   From Valdimagra, drawn by wrathful Mars,  
145.                   A vapour rises, rapt in turbid mists,  
146.                   And sharp and eager drives on the storm  
147.                   With arrow hurtling over Picenos’ field,  
148.                   When suddenly the cloud shall burst, and strike  
149.                   Each helpless Bianco prostrate to the ground.  
150.           This have I told, that grief may rend your heart.”

# CANTO XXV

## THE ARGUMENT

THE EIGHTH CIRCLE

FRAUD: THIEVES

FIVE FLORENTINES

• • •

The sacrilegious Fucci vents his fury in blasphemy, is seized by serpents, and flying is pursued by Cacus in the form of a Centaur, who is described with a swarm of serpents on his haunch, and a dragon on his shoulders breathing forth fire. Our Poet then meets with the spirits of three of his countrymen, two of who undergo a marvelous transformation in his presence.

1. When he had spoke, the sinner raised his hands  
2. Pointed in mockery, and cried: "Take them, God!  
3. I level them at you!" From that day forth  
4. The serpents were my friends; for round his neck  
5. One of then rolling twisted, as it said,  
6. "Be silent, tongue!" Another to his arms  
7. Upgliding, tied them, riveting itself  
8. So close, it took from them the power to move.

• • •

9. Pistoia! Ah Pistoia! Why does doubt  
10. To turn you into ashes, cumbering earth  
11. No longer, since in evil act so far  
12. You have outdone your seed? I did not mark,  
13. Through all the gloomy circles of the abyss,  
14. Spirit, that swelled so proudly against his God,  
15. Not him, who headlong fell from Thebes. He fled,  
16. Nor uttered more; and after him there came  
17. A centaur full of fury, shouting, "Where  
18. Where is the caitiff?" On Maremmas' marsh  
19. Swarm not the serpent tribe, as on his haunch  
20. They swarmed, to where the human face begins.  
21. Behind his head upon the shoulders lay,  
22. With open wings, a dragon breathing fire  
23. On whomsoever he met. To me my guide:  
24. "Cacus is this, who underneath the rock  
25. Of Aventine spread often a lake of blood.  
26. He, from his brethren parted, here must tread  
27. A different journey, for his fraudulent theft  
28. Of the great herd, that near him stalled; when found  
29. His felon deeds their end, beneath the mace  
30. Of stout Alcides, that perchance laid on  
31. A hundred blows, and not the tenth was felt."

• • •

32. While yet he spoke, the centaur sped away:  
33. And under us three spirits came, of who

34. Nor I nor he was ware, till they exclaimed;  
35. “Say who are you?” We then break off discourse,  
36. Intent on these alone. I knew them not;  
37. But, as it chanced often, befell, that one  
38. Had need to name another. “Where,” said he,  
39. “Does Cianfa lurk?” I, for a sign my guide  
40. Should stand attentive, placed against my lips  
41. The finger lifted. If, O reader! Now  
42. You be not apt to credit what I tell,  
43. No marvel; for myself do scarce allow  
44. The witness of my eyes. But as I looked  
45. Toward them, lo! A serpent with six feet  
46. Springs forth on one, and fastens full upon him:  
47. His midmost grasped the belly, a forefoot  
48. Seized on each arm (while deep in either cheek  
49. He fleshed his fangs); the hinder on the thighs  
50. Were spread, between which the tail inserted curled  
51. Upon the reins behind. Ivy never clasped  
52. A doddered oak, as round the others’ limbs  
53. The hideous monster intertwined his own.  
54. Then, as they both had been of burning wax,  
55. Each melted into other, mingling hues,  
56. That which was either now was seen no more.  
57. Then up the shrinking paper, here it burns,  
58. A brown tint glides, not turning yet to black,  
59. And the clean white expires. The other two  
60. Looked on exclaiming: “Ah, how does you change,  
61. Agnello! See! You are not double now,

• • •

62. “Nor only one.” The two heads now became  
63. One, and two figures blended in one form  
64. Appeared, where both were lost. Of the four lengths  
65. Two arms were made: the belly and the chest  
66. The thighs and legs into such members changed,  
67. As never eye have seen. Of former shape





AH, HOW DOES YOU CHANGE AGNELLO! SEE! YOU ARE NOT DOUBLE NOW.



68. All trace was vanished. Two yet neither seemed  
69. That image miscreate, and so passed on  
70. With tardy steps. As underneath the scourge  
71. Of the fierce dog-star, that lays bare the fields,  
72. Shifting from break to break, the lizard seems  
73. A flash of lightning, if he thwart the road,  
74. So toward the entrails of the other two  
75. Approaching seemed, an adder all on fire,  
76. As the dark pepper-grain, livid and swart.  
77. In that part, when our life is nourished first,  
78. One he trans-pierced; then down before him fell  
79. Stretched out. The pierced spirit looked on him  
80. But spoke not; yea stood motionless and yawned,  
81. As if by sleep or feverous fit assailed.  
82. He eyed the serpent, and the serpent him.  
83. One from the wound, the other from the mouth  
84. Breathed a thick smoke, whose vapory columns joined.

• • •

85. Lucan in mute attention now may hear,  
86. Nor your disastrous fate, Sabellus! Tell,  
87. Nor shine, Nasidius! Ovid now be mute.  
88. What if in warbling fiction he record  
89. Cadmus and Arethusa, to a snake  
90. Him changed, and her into a fountain clear,  
91. I envy not; for never face to face  
92. Two natures then transmuted did he sing,  
93. Wherein both shapes were ready to assume  
94. The others' substance. They in mutual guise  
95. So answered, that the serpent split his train  
96. Divided to a fork, and the pierced spirit  
97. Drew close his steps together, legs and thighs  
98. Compacted, that no sign of juncture soon  
99. Was visible: the tail disparted took  
100. The figure which the spirit lost, its skin  
101. Softening, his indurated to a rind.

102. The shoulders next I marked, that entering joined  
 103. The monsters' arm-pits, whose two shorter feet  
 104. So lengthened, as the others' dwindling shrunk.  
 105. The feet behind then twisting up became  
 106. That part that man conceals, which in the wretch  
 107. Was cleft in twain. While both the shadowy smoke  
 108. With a new colour veils, and generates  
 109. The excrescent pile on one, peeling it off  
 110. From the other body, lo! Upon his feet  
 111. One upright rose, and prone the other fell.  
 112. Not yet their glaring and malignant lamps  
 113. Were shifted, though each feature changed beneath.  
 114. Of him who stood erect, the mounting face  
 115. Retreated towards the temples, and what there  
 116. Superfluous matter came, shot out in ears  
 117. From the smooth cheeks, the rest, not backward dragged,  
 118. Of its excess did shape the nose; and swelled  
 119. Into due size protuberant the lips.  
 120. He, on the earth who lay, meanwhile extends  
 121. His sharpened visage, and draws down the ears  
 122. Into the head, as does the slug his horns.  
 123. His tongue continuous before and apt  
 124. For utterance, severs; and the others' fork  
 125. Closing unites. That done the smoke was laid.  
 126. The soul, transformed into the brute, glides off,  
 127. Hissing along the valley, and after him  
 128. The other talking sputters; but soon turned  
 129. His new-grown shoulders on him, and in few  
 130. Then to another spoke: "Along this path  
 131. Crawling, as I have done, speed Buoso now!"

• • •

132. So saw I fluctuate in successive change  
 133. The unsteady ballast of the seventh hold:  
 134. And here if aught my tongue have swerved, events  
 135. So strange may be its warrant. Over my eyes

136.           Confusion hung, and on my thoughts amaze.

• • •

137.           Yet escaped they not so covertly, but well

138.           I marked Sciancato: he alone it was

139.       Of the three first that came, who changed not: you,

140.           The others' fate, Gaville, still does rue.

# CANTO XXVI

## THE ARGUMENT

THE EIGHTH CIRCLE

ULYSSES

• • •

Remounting by the steps, down which they had descended to the seventh gulf, they go forward to the arch that stretches over the eighth, and from then behold numberless flames wherein are punished evil counselors, each flame containing a sinner, save one, in which were Diomedes and Ulysses, the latter relates the manner of his death.

1. Florence exult! For you so mightily  
2. Have thrived, that over land and sea your wings  
3. You beat, and your name spreads over hell!  
4. Among the plunderers such the three I found  
5. Your citizens, when shame to me your son,  
6. And no proud honour to yourself redounds.

• • •

7. But if our minds, when dreaming near the dawn,  
8. Are of the truth presageful, you here long  
9. Shall feel what Prato, (not to say the rest)  
10. Would feign might come upon you; and that chance  
11. Were in good time, if it befell you now.  
12. Would so it were, since it must needs befall!  
13. For as time wears me, I shall grieve the more.

• • •

14. We from the depth departed; and my guide  
15. Remounting scaled the flinty steps, which late  
16. We downward traced, and drew me up the steep.  
17. Pursuing then our solitary way  
18. Among the crags and splinters of the rock,  
19. Sped not our feet without the help of hands.

• • •

20. Then sorrow seized me, which even now revives,  
21. As my thought turns again to what I saw,  
22. And, more than I am wont, I rein and curb  
23. The powers of nature in me, lest they run  
24. Where Virtue guides not; that if aught of good  
25. My gentle star, or something better gave me,  
26. I envy not myself the precious boon.

• • •

27. As in that season, when the sun least veils  
28. His face that lightens all, what time the fly  
29. Gives way to the shrill gnat, the peasant then  
30. Upon some cliff reclined, beneath him see  
31. Fire-flies innumerable spangling over the valley,  
32. Vineyard or tilth, where his day-labour lies:



33. With flames so numberless throughout its space  
34. Shone the eighth chasm, apparent, when the depth  
35. Was to my view exposed. As he, whose wrongs  
36. The bears avenged, at its departure saw  
37. Elijahs' chariot, when the steeds erect  
38. Raised their steep flight for heaven; his eyes meanwhile,  
39. Straining pursued them, till the flame alone  
40. Up-soaring like a misty speck he kened;  
41. Even then along the gulf moves every flame,  
42. A sinner so enfolded close in each,  
43. That none exhibits token of the theft.

• • •

44. Upon the bridge I forward bent to look,  
45. And grasped a flinty mass, or else had fallen,  
46. Though pushed not from the height. The guide, who marked  
47. How I did gaze attentive, then began:

• • •

48. "Within these ardours are the spirits, each  
49. Swathed in confining fire."—"Master, your word,"  
50. I answered, "have assured me; yet I deemed  
51. Already of the truth, already wished  
52. To ask you, who is in yon fire, that comes  
53. So parted at the summit, as it seemed  
54. Ascending from that funeral pile, where lay  
55. The Theban brothers?" He replied: "Within  
56. Ulysses there and Diomedes endure  
57. Their penal tortures, then to vengeance now  
58. Together hasting, as heretofore to wrath.  
59. These in the flame with ceaseless groans deplore  
60. The ambush of the horse, that opened wide  
61. A portal for that goodly seed to pass,  
62. Which sowed imperial Rome; nor less the guile  
63. Lament they, when of her Achilles bereft  
64. Deidamia yet in death complains.  
65. And there is rued the stratagem, that Troy  
66. Of her Palladium spoiled."—"If they have power

67. Of utterance from within these sparks,” said I,  
68. “O master! Think my prayer a thousand fold  
69. In repetition urged, that you vouchsafe  
70. To pause, till here the horned flame arrive.  
71. See, how toward it with desire I bend.”

• • •

72. He then: “Your prayer is worthy of much praise,  
73. And I accept it therefore: but do you  
74. Your tongue refrain: to question them be mine,  
75. For I divine your wish: and they perchance,  
76. For they were Greeks, might shun discourse with you.”

• • •

77. When there the flame had come, where time and place  
78. Seemed fitting to my guide, he then began:  
79. “O you, who dwell two spirits in one fire!  
80. If living I of you did merit aught,  
81. Whatever the measure were of that desert,  
82. When in the world my lofty strain I poured,  
83. Move you not on, till one of you unfold  
84. In what clime death overtook him self-destroyed.”

• • •

85. Of the old flame forthwith the greater horn  
86. Began to roll, murmuring, as a fire  
87. That labours with the wind, then to and fro  
88. Wagging the top, as a tongue uttering sounds,  
89. Threw out its voice, and spoke: “When I escaped  
90. From Circe, who beyond a circling year  
91. Had held me near Caieta, by her charms,  
92. Here then Aeneas yet had named the shore,  
93. Nor fondness for my son, nor reverence  
94. Of my old father, nor return of love,  
95. That should have crowned Penelope with joy,  
96. Could overcome in me the zeal I had  
97. To explore the world, and search the ways of life,  
98. Mans’ evil and his virtue. Forth I sailed  
99. Into the deep illimitable main,

100. With but one bark, and the small faithful band  
101. That yet cleaved to me. As Iberia far,  
102. Far as Morocco either shore I saw,  
103. And the Sardinian and each isle beside  
104. Which round that ocean bathes. Tardy with age  
105. Were I and my companions, when we came  
106. To the strait pass, where Hercules ordained  
107. The boundaries not to be overstepped by man.  
108. The walls of Seville to my right I left,  
109. On the other hand already Ceuta past.  
110. "O brothers!" I began, "who to the west  
111. Through perils without number now have reached,  
112. To this the short remaining watch, that yet  
113. Our senses have to wake, refuse not proof  
114. Of the unpeopled world, following the track  
115. Of Phoebus. Call to mind from when we sprang:  
116. You were not formed to live the life of brutes  
117. But virtue to pursue and knowledge high."  
118. With these few words I sharpened for the voyage  
119. The mind of my associates, that I then  
120. Could scarcely have withheld them. To the dawn  
121. Our poop we turned, and for the witless flight  
122. Made our oars wings, still gaining on the left.  
123. Each star of the other pole night now beheld,  
124. And ours so low, that from the ocean-floor  
125. It rose not. Five times re-illuminated, as often  
126. Vanished the light from underneath the moon  
127. Since the deep way we entered, when from far  
128. Appeared a mountain dim, loftiest I think  
129. Of all I ever beheld. Joy seized us straight,  
130. But soon to mourning changed. From the new land  
131. A whirlwind sprung, and at her foremost side  
132. Did strike the vessel. Thrice it whirled her round  
133. With all the waves, the fourth time lifted up  
134. The poop, and sank the prow: so fate decreed:  
135. And over us the booming billow closed."

# CANTO XXVII

## THE ARGUMENT

THE EIGHTH CIRCLE  
GUIDO DA MONTEFELTRO  
FRAUD: FALSE COUNSELLORS

• • •

The Poet, treating of the same punishment as in the last Canto, relates that he turned toward a flame in which was the Count Guido da Montefeltro, whose inquiries respecting the state of Romagna he answers, and Guido is thereby induced to declare who he is, and who condemned to that torment.

1. Now upward rose the flame, and stilled its light  
2. To speak no more, and now passed on with leave  
3. From the mild poet gained, when following came  
4. Another, from whose top a sound confused,  
5. Forth issuing, drew our eyes that way to look.

• • •

6. As the Sicilian bull, that rightfully  
7. His cries first echoed, who had shaped its mould,  
8. Did so bellow, with the voice of him  
9. Tormented, that the brazen monster seemed  
10. Pierced through with pain; then while no way they found  
11. Nor avenue immediate through the flame,  
12. Into its language turned the dismal words:  
13. But soon as they had won their passage forth,  
14. Up from the point, which vibrating obeyed  
15. Their motion at the tongue, these sounds we heard:  
16. “O you! To who I now direct my voice!  
17. That lately did exclaim in Lombard phrase,

• • •

18. Depart you, I solicit you no more,’  
19. Though somewhat tardy I perchance arrive  
20. Let it not irk you here to pause awhile,  
21. And with me parley: lo! It irks not me  
22. And yet I burn. If but even now you fall  
23. Into this blind world, from that pleasant land  
24. Of Latium, when I draw my sum of guilt,  
25. Tell me if those, who in Romagna dwell,  
26. Have peace or war. For of the mountains there  
27. Was I, between Urbino and the height,  
28. When Tyber first unlocks his mighty flood.”

• • •

29. Leaning I listened yet with heedful ear,  
30. When, as he touched my side, the leader then:  
31. “Speak you: he is a Latian.” My reply  
32. Was ready, and I spoke without delay:



33. "O spirit! Who are hidden here below!  
34. Never was your Romagna without war  
35. In her proud tyrants' bosoms, nor is now:  
36. But open war there left I none. The state,  
37. Ravenna have maintained this many a year,  
38. Is steadfast. There Polentas' eagle broods,  
39. And in his broad circumference of plume  
40. Overshadows Cervia. The green talons grasp  
41. The land, that stood herewhile the proof so long,  
42. And piled in bloody heap the host of France.

• • •

43. "The old mastiff of Verruchio and the young,  
44. That tore Montagna in their wrath, still make,  
45. Where they are wont, an auger of their fangs.

• • •

46. "Lamones' city and Santernos' range  
47. Under the lion of the snowy lair.  
48. Inconstant partisan! That changed sides,  
49. Or ever summer yields to winters' frost.  
50. And she, whose flank is washed of Savios' wave,  
51. As between the level and the steep she lies,  
52. Lives so between tyrant power and liberty.

• • •

53. "Now tell us, I entreat you, who are you?  
54. Be not more hard than others. In the world,  
55. So may your name still rear its forehead high."

• • •

56. Then roared awhile the fire, its sharpened point  
57. On either side waved, and then breathed at last:  
58. "If I did think, my answer were to one,  
59. Who ever could return unto the world,  
60. This flame should rest unshaken. But since never,  
61. If true be told me, any from this depth  
62. Has found his upward way, I answer you,  
63. Nor fear lest infamy record the words.

64. "A man of arms at first, I clothed me then  
 65. In good Saint Francis' girdle, hoping so  
 66. To have made amends. And certainly my hope  
 67. Had failed not, but that he, who curses light on,  
 68. The high priest again seduced me into sin.  
 69. And how and wherefore listen while I tell.  
 70. Long as this spirit moved the bones and pulp  
 71. My mother gave me, less my deeds spoke  
 72. The nature of the lion than the fox.  
 73. All ways of winding subtlety I knew,  
 74. And with such are conducted, that the sound  
 75. Reached the worlds' limit. Soon as to that part  
 76. Of life I found me come, when each behoves  
 77. To lower sails and gather in the lines;  
 78. That which before had pleased me then I rued,  
 79. And to repentance and confession turned;  
 80. Wretch that I was! And well it had bested me!  
 81. The chief of the new Pharisees meantime,  
 82. Waging his warfare near the Lateran,  
 83. Not with the Saracens or Jews (his foes  
 84. All Christians were, nor against Acre one  
 85. Had fought, nor trafficked in the Soldans' land),  
 86. He his great charge nor sacred ministry  
 87. In himself, revered, nor in me that cord,  
 88. Which used to mark with leanness who it girded.  
 89. As in Socrate, Constantine besought  
 90. To cure his leprosy Sylvesters' aid,  
 91. So me to cure the fever of his pride  
 92. This man besought: my counsel to that end  
 93. He asked: and I was silent: for his words  
 94. Seemed drunken: but forthwith he then resumed:  
 95. "From your heart banish fear: of all offence  
 96. I hitherto absolve you. In return,  
 97. Teach me my purpose so to execute,  
 98. That Penestrino encumber earth no more.  
 99. Heaven, as you knows, I have power to shut

100. And open: and the keys are therefore twain,  
101. The which my predecessor meanly prized.”

• • •

102. Then, yielding to the forceful arguments,  
103. Of silence as more perilous I deemed,  
104. And answered: “Father! Since you washed me  
105. Clear of that guilt wherein I now must fall,  
106. Large promise with performance scant, be sure,  
107. Shall make you triumph in your lofty seat.”

• • •

108. “When I was numbered with the dead, then came  
109. Saint Francis for me; but a cherub dark  
110. He met, who cried: “Wrong me not; he is mine,  
111. And must below to join the wretched crew,  
112. For the deceitful counsel which he gave.  
113. Ever since I watched him, hovering at his hair,  
114. No power can the impenitent absolve;  
115. Nor to repent and will at once consist,  
116. By contradiction absolute forbid.”  
117. Oh misery! How I shook myself, when he  
118. Seized me, and cried, “You haply thought me not  
119. A disputant in logic so exact.”  
120. To Minos down he bore me, and the judge  
121. Twined eight times round his callous back the tail,  
122. Which biting with excess of rage, he spoke:  
123. ‘This is a guilty soul, that in the fire  
124. Must vanish.’ Here perdition-doomed I rove  
125. A prey to rankling sorrow in this garb.”

• • •

126. When he had then fulfilled his words, the flame  
127. In dolour parted, beating to and fro,  
128. And writhing its sharp horn. We onward went,  
129. I and my leader, up along the rock,  
130. Far as another arch, that overhangs  
131. The foss, wherein the penalty is paid  
132. Of those, who load them with committed sin.

# CANTO XXVIII

## THE ARGUMENT

THE EIGHTH CIRCLE  
FALSE RELIGION

• • •

They arrive in the ninth gulf, where the sowers of scandal, schismatics, and heretics, are seen with their limbs miserable maimed or divided in different ways. Among these the Poet finds Mahomet, Piero da Medicina, Curio, Mosca, and Bertrand de Born.

1.           Who, even in words unfettered, might at full  
2.           Tell of the wounds and blood that now I saw,  
3.           Though he repeated often the tale? No tongue  
4.           So vast a theme could equal, speech and thought  
5.           Both impotent alike. If in one band  
6.           Collected, stood the people all, who ever  
7.           Poured on Apulias' happy soil their blood,  
8.           Slain by the Trojans, and in that long war  
9.           When of the rings the measured booty made  
10.           A pile so high, as Romes' historian writes  
11.           Who errs not, with the multitude, that felt  
12.           The grinding force of Guiscards' Norman steel,  
13.           And those the rest, whose bones are gathered yet  
14.           At Ceperano, there where treachery  
15.           Branded the Apulian name, or where beyond  
16.           Your walls, O Tagliacozzo, without arms  
17.           The old Alardo conquered; and his limbs  
18.           One were to show trans-pierced, another his  
19.           Clean lopped away; a spectacle like this  
20.           Were but a thing of nought, to the hideous sight  
21.           Of the ninth chasm. A rundlet, that have lost  
22.           Its middle or side stave, gapes not so wide,  
23.           As one I marked, torn from the chin throughout  
24.           Down to the hinder passage: between the legs  
25.           Dangling his entrails hung, the midriff lay  
26.           Open to view, and wretched ventricle,  
27.           That turns the glutton's aliment to dross.

• • •

28.           Whilst eagerly I fix on him my gaze,  
29.           He eyed me, with his hands laid his breast bare,  
30.           And cried; "Now mark how I do rip me! Lo!

• • •

31.           "How is Mohammed mangled! Before me  
32.           Walks Ali weeping, from the chin his face  
33.           Cleft to the forelock; and the others all



34. Who here you see, while they lived, did sow  
35. Scandal and schism, and therefore then are rent.  
36. A fiend is here behind, who with his sword  
37. Hacks us then cruelly, slivering again  
38. Each of this ream, when we have compassed round  
39. The dismal way, for first our gashes close  
40. Here we re-pass before him. But say who  
41. Art you, that stands musing on the rock,  
42. Haply so lingering to delay the pain  
43. Sentenced upon your crimes?"—"Him death not yet,"  
44. My guide rejoined, "have overtaken, nor sin  
45. Conducts to torment; but, that he may make  
46. Full trial of your state, I who am dead  
47. Must through the depths of hell, from orb to orb,  
48. Conduct him. Trust my words, for they are true."



49. More than a hundred spirits, when that they heard,  
50. Stood in the foss to mark me, through amazed,  
51. Forgetful of their pangs. "You, who perchance  
52. Shall shortly view the sun, this warning you  
53. Bear to Dolcino: bid him, if he wish not  
54. Here soon to follow me, that with good store  
55. Of food he arm him, lest imprisoning snows  
56. Yield him a victim to Novaras' power,  
57. No easy conquest else." With foot upraised  
58. For stepping, spoke Mohammed, on the ground  
59. Then fixed it to depart. Another shade,  
60. Pierced in the throat, his nostrils mutilate  
61. Even from beneath the eyebrows, and one ear  
62. Lopped off, who with the rest through wonder stood  
63. Gazing, before the rest advanced, and bared  
64. His wind-pipe, that without was all over-smeared  
65. With crimson stain. "O you!" Said 'he, "who sin  
66. Condemns not, and who erst (unless too near  
67. Resemblance do deceive me) I aloft

68. Have seen on Latian ground, call you to mind  
69. Piero of Medicina, if again  
70. Returning, you behold the pleasant land  
71. That from Vercelli slopes to Mercabo;

• • •

72. “And there instruct the twain, who Fano boasts  
73. Her worthiest sons, Guido and Angelo,  
74. That if it is given us here to scan aright  
75. The future, they out of lifes’ tenement  
76. Shall be cast forth, and whelmed under the waves  
77. Near to Cattolica, through perfidy  
78. Of a fell tyrant. Between the Cyprian isle  
79. And Balearic, never have Neptune seen  
80. An injury so foul, by pirates done  
81. Or Argive crew of old. That one-eyed traitor  
82. (Whose realm there is a spirit here were feign  
83. His eye had still lacked sight of) them shall bring  
84. To conference with him, then so shape his end,  
85. That they shall need not against Focaras’ wind  
86. Offer up vow nor prayer.” I answering then:

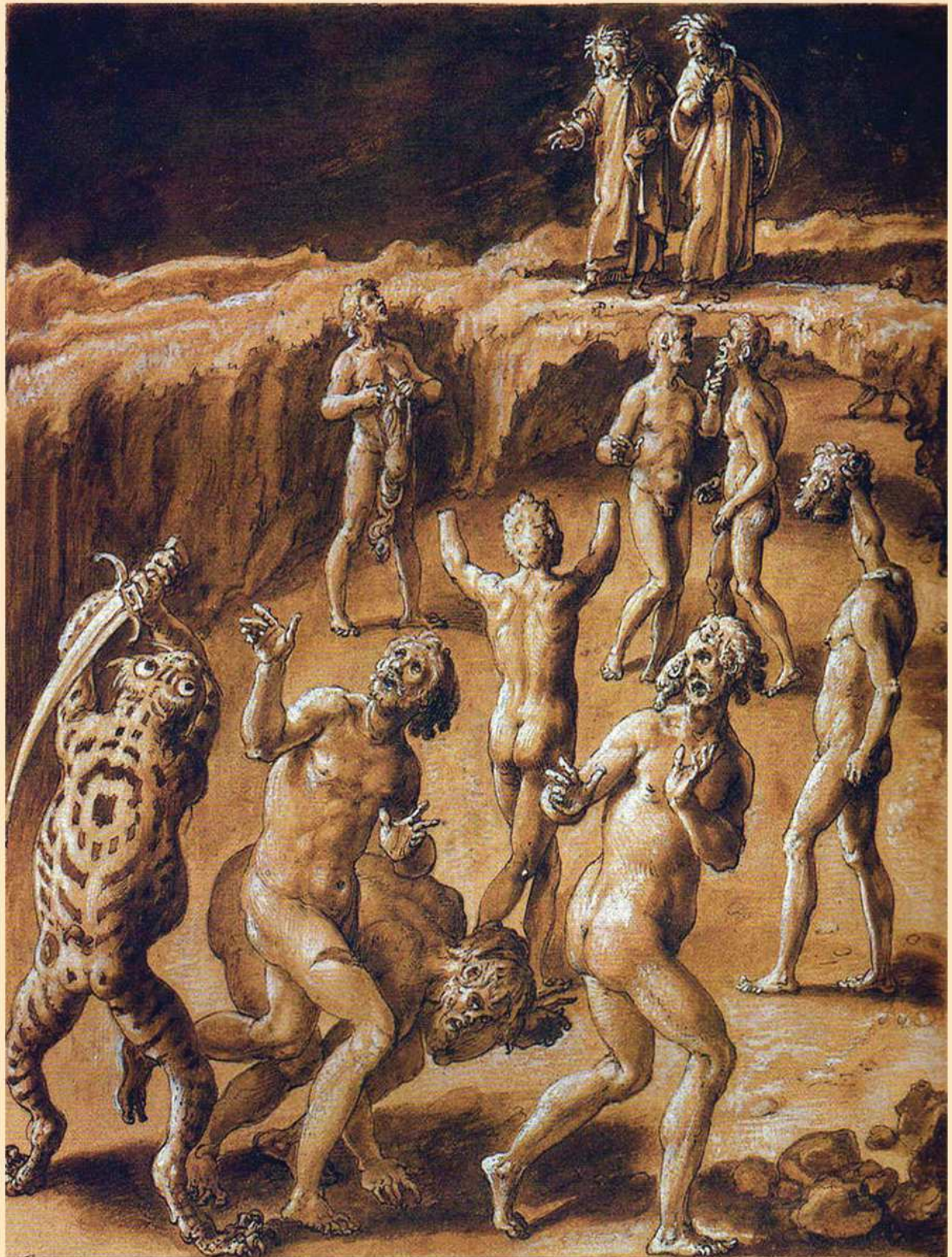
• • •

87. “Declare, as you does wish that I above  
88. May carry tidings of you, who is he,  
89. In who that sight does wake such sad remembrance?”

• • •

90. Forthwith he laid his hand on the cheek-bone  
91. Of one, his fellow-spirit, and his jaws  
92. Expanding, cried: “Lo! This is he I wrote of;  
93. He speaks not for himself: the outcast this  
94. Who overwhelmed the doubt in Caesars’ mind,  
95. Affirming that delay to men prepared  
96. Was ever harmful. “Oh how terrified  
97. I think was Curio, from whose throat was cut  
98. The tongue, which spoke that hardy word. Then one  
99. Maimed of each hand, uplifted in the gloom





FALSE RELIGION

100. The bleeding stumps, that they with gory spots  
101. Sullied his face, and cried: remember you  
102. Of Mosca, too, I who, alas! Exclaimed,  
103. "The deed once done there is an end," that proved  
104. A seed of sorrow to the Tuscan race."

• • •

105. I added: "Aye, and death to your own tribe."

• • •

106. When heaping woe on woe he hurried off,  
107. As one grief-stung to madness. But I there  
108. Still lingered to behold the troop, and saw  
109. Things, such as I may fear without more proof  
110. To tell of, but that conscience makes me firm,  
111. The boon companion, who her strong breast-plate  
112. Buckles on him, that feels no guilt within  
113. And bids him on and fear not. Without doubt  
114. I saw, and yet it seems to pass before me,  
115. A headless trunk, that even as the rest  
116. Of the sad flock paced onward. By the hair  
117. It bore the severed member, lantern-wise  
118. Pendent in hand, which looked at us and said,

• • •

119. "Woes' me!" The spirit lighted then himself,  
120. And two there were in one, and one in two.  
121. How that may be he knows who ordered so.

• • •

122. When at the bridges' foot direct he stood,  
123. His arm aloft he reared, thrusting the head  
124. Full in our view, that nearer we might hear  
125. The words, which then it uttered: "Now behold  
126. This grievous torment, you, who breathing go  
127. To spy the dead; behold if any else  
128. Be terrible as this. And that on earth  
129. You may bear tidings of me, know that I  
130. Am Bertrand, he of Born, who gave King John

131.           The counsel mischievous. Father and son  
132.           I set at mutual war. For Absalom  
133.           And David more did not Ahitophel,  
134.           Spurring them on maliciously to strife.  
135.       For parting those so closely knit, my brain  
136.           Parted, alas! I carry from its source,  
137.           That in this trunk inhabits. Then the law  
138.           Of retribution fiercely works in me.”



# CANTO XXIX

## THE ARGUMENT

THE EIGHTH CIRCLE  
ALCHEMISTS: FALSIFIERS OF ELEMENTS

• • •

Dante, at the desire of Virgil, proceeds onward to the bridge that crosses the tenth gulf, from when he hears the cries of the alchemists and forgers, who are tormented therein; but not being able to discern anything on account of the darkness, they descend the rock, that bounds this the last of the compartments in which the eighth circle is divided, and then behold the spirits who are afflicted by diverse plagues and diseases. Two of them, namely, Grifolion of Arezzo and Capocchio of Sienna, are introduced speaking.

1.                   So were my eyes inebriate with view  
2.                   Of the vast multitude, who various wounds  
3.                   Disfigured, that they longed to stay and weep.

• • •

4.                   But Virgil roused me: "What yet gazes on?  
5.                   Wherefore does fasten yet your sight below  
6.                   Among the maimed and miserable shades?  
7.                   You have not shewn in any chasm beside  
8.                   This weakness. Know, if you would number them  
9.                   That two and twenty miles the valley winds  
10.                  Its circuit, and already is the moon  
11.                  Beneath our feet: the time permitted now  
12.                  Is short, and more not seen remains to see."

• • •

13.                "If you," I straight replied, "had weighed the cause  
14.                For which I looked, you had perchance excused  
15.                The tarrying still." My leader part pursued  
16.                His way, the while I followed, answering him,  
17.                And adding then: "Within that cave I deem,  
18.                Whereon so fixedly I held my ken,  
19.                There is a spirit dwells, one of my blood,  
20.                Wailing the crime that costs him now so dear."

• • •

21.                Then spoke my master: "Let your soul no more  
22.                Afflict itself for him. Direct elsewhere  
23.                Its thought, and leave him. At the bridges' foot  
24.                I marked how he did point with menacing look  
25.                At you, and heard him by the others named  
26.                Geri of Bello. You so wholly then  
27.                Were busied with his spirit, who once ruled  
28.                The towers of Hautefort, that you looked not  
29.                That way, here he was gone."—"O guide beloved!  
30.                His violent death yet unavenged," said I,  
31.                "By any, who are partners in his shame,  
32.                Made him contemptuous: therefore, as I think,

33.           He passed me speechless by; and doing so  
34.           Has made me more compassionate his fate.”

• • •

35.           So we discoursed to where the rock first showed  
36.           The other valley, had more light been there,  
37.           Even to the lowest depth. Soon as we came  
38.           Over the last cloister in the dismal rounds  
39.           Of Malebolge, and the brotherhood  
40.           Were to our view exposed, then many a dart  
41.           Of sore lament assailed me, headed all  
42.           With points of thrilling pity, that I closed  
43.           Both ears against the volley with mine hands.

• • •

44.           As were the torment, if each lazar-house  
45.           Of Valdichiana, in the sultry time  
46.           Between July and September, with the isle  
47.           Sardinia and Maremmas’ pestilent fen,  
48.           Had heaped their maladies all in one foss  
49.           Together; such was here the torment: dire  
50.           The stench, as issuing steams from festered limbs.

• • •

51.           We on the utmost shore of the long rock  
52.           Descended still to leftward. Then my sight  
53.           Was livelier to explore the depth, wherein  
54.           The minister of the most mighty Lord,  
55.           All-searching Justice, dooms to punishment  
56.           The forgers noted on her dread record.

• • •

57.           More rueful was it not methinks to see  
58.           The nation in Aegina droop, what time  
59.           Each living thing, even to the little worm,  
60.           All fell, so full of malice was the air  
61.           (And afterward, as bards of yore have told,  
62.           The ancient people were restored anew  
63.           From seed of emmets) than was here to see

64. The spirits, that languished through the murky valley  
65. Up-piled on many a stack. Confused they lay,  
66. One over the belly, over the shoulders one  
67. Rolled of another; sideling crawled a third  
68. Along the dismal pathway. Step by step  
69. We journeyed on, in silence looking round  
70. And listening those diseased, who strove in vain  
71. To lift their forms. Then two I marked, that sat  
72. Propped against each other, as two brazen pans  
73. Set to retain the heat. From head to foot,  
74. A tetter barked them round. Nor saw I ever  
75. Groom currying so fast, for who his lord  
76. Impatient waited, or himself perchance  
77. Tired with long watching, as of these each one  
78. Plied quickly his keen nails, through furiousness  
79. Of never abated prurience. The crust  
80. Came drawn from underneath in flakes, like scales  
81. Scraped from the bream or fish of broader mail.

• • •

82. “O you, who with your fingers rended off  
83. Your coat of proof,” then spoke my guide to one,  
84. “And sometimes makes tearing pincers of them,  
85. Tell me if any born of Latian land  
86. Be among these within: so may your nails  
87. Serve you for everlasting to this toil.”

• • •

88. “Both are of Latium,” weeping he replied,  
89. “Who tortured then you see: but who are you  
90. That have inquired of us?” To who my guide:  
91. “One that descend with this man, who yet lives,  
92. From rock to rock, and show him hells’ abyss.”

• • •

93. Then started they asunder, and each turned  
94. Trembling toward us, with the rest, whose ear  
95. Those words redounding struck. To me my liege

96. Addressed him: "Speak to them whatever you list."

• • •

97. And I therewith began: "So may no time  
98. Filch your remembrance from the thoughts of men  
99. In the upper world, but after many suns  
100. Survive it, as you tell me, who you are,  
101. And of what race you come. Your punishment,  
102. Unseemly and disgustful in its kind,  
103. Deter you not from opening then much to me."

• • •

104. "Arezzo was my dwelling," answered one,  
105. "And me Albergo of Sienna brought  
106. To die by fire; but that, for which I died,  
107. Leads me not here. True is in sport I told him,  
108. That I had learned to wing my flight in air.  
109. And he admiring much, as he was void  
110. Of wisdom, willed me to declare to him  
111. The secret of mine art: and only here,  
112. Because I made him not a Daedalus,  
113. Prevailed on one supposed his sire to burn me.  
114. But Minos to this chasm last of the ten,  
115. For that I practiced alchemy on earth,  
116. Has doomed me. Him no subterfuge eludes."

• • •

117. Then to the bard I spoke: "Was ever race  
118. Light as Siennas'? Sure not France herself  
119. Can show a tribe so frivolous and vain."

• • •

120. The other leprous spirit heard my words,  
121. And then returned: "Be Stricca from this charge  
122. Exempted, he who knew so temperately  
123. To lay out fortunes' gifts; and Niccolo  
124. Who first the spices' costly luxury  
125. Discovered in that garden, where such seed  
126. Roots deepest in the soil: and be that troop



Exempted, with who Caccia of Asciano  
Lavished his vineyards and wide-spreading woods,  
And his rare wisdom Abbagliato showed  
A spectacle for all. That you may know  
Who seconds you against the Siennese  
Then gladly, bend this way your sharpened sight,  
That well my face may answer to your ken;  
So shall you see I am Capocchios' ghost,  
Who forged transmuted metals by the power  
Of alchemy; and if I scan you right,  
Then needs must well remember how I aped  
Creative nature by my subtle are."

# CANTO XXX

## THE ARGUMENT

THE EIGHTH CIRCLE  
FRAUD: COUNTERFEITERS

• • •

In the same gulf, other kinds of impostures, as those who have counterfeited the persona of others, or debased the current coin, or deceived by speech under false pretenses, are described as suffering various diseases. Sinon of Troy, and Adamo of Brescia, mutually reproach each other with their various impostures.

1.           What time resentment burned in Junos' breast  
 2.           For Semele against the Theban blood,  
 3.       As more than once in dire mischance was rued,  
 4.           Such fatal frenzy seized on Athamas,  
 5.           That he his spouse beholding with a babe  
 6.           Laden on either arm, "Spread out," he cried,  
 7.           "The meshes, that I take the lioness  
 8.           And the young lions at the pass:" then forth  
 9.       Stretched he his merciless talons, grasping one,  
 10.          One helpless innocent, Learchus named,  
 11.       Who swinging down he dashed upon a rock,  
 12.       And with her other burden self-destroyed  
 13.       The hapless mother plunged: and when the pride  
 14.       Of all-presuming Troy fell from its height,  
 15.       By fortune overwhelmed, and the old king  
 16.       With his realm perished, then did Hecuba,  
 17.       A wretch forlorn and captive, when she saw  
 18.       Polyxena first slaughtered, and her son,  
 19.       Her Polydorus, on the wild sea-beach  
 20.       Next met the mourners' view, then reft of sense  
 21.       Did she run barking even as a dog;  
 22.       Such mighty power had grief to wrench her soul.  
 23.       Bet never the Furies or of Thebes or Troy  
 24.       With such fell cruelty were seen, their goads  
 25.       Infixing in the limbs of man or beast,  
 26.       As now two pale and naked ghost I saw  
 27.       That gnarling wildly scampered, like the swine  
 28.       Excluded from his sty. One reached Capocchio,  
 29.       And in the neck-joint sticking deep his fangs,  
 30.       Dragged him, that over the solid pavement rubbed  
 31.       His belly stretched out prone. The other shape,  
 32.       He of Arezzo, there left trembling, spoke;  
 33.       "That sprite of air is Schicchi; in like mood  
 34.       Of random mischief vents he still his spite."

35. To who I answering: "Oh! As you does hope,  
36. The other may not flesh its jaws on you,  
37. Be patient to inform us, who it is,  
38. Here it speed here."—"That is the ancient soul  
39. Of wretched Myrrha," he replied, "who burned  
40. With most unholy flame for her own sire,

• • •

41. "And a false shape assuming, so performed  
42. The deed of sin; even as the other there,  
43. That onward passes, dared to counterfeit  
44. Donatis' features, to feigned testament  
45. The seal affixing, that himself might gain,  
46. For his own share, the lady of the herd."

• • •

47. When vanished the two furious shades, on who  
48. My eye was held, I turned it back to view  
49. The other cursed spirits. One I saw  
50. In fashion like a lute, had but the groin  
51. Been severed, where it meets the forked part.  
52. Swollen dropsy, disproportioning the limbs  
53. With ill-converted moisture, that the paunch  
54. Suits not the visage, opened wide his lips  
55. Gasping as in the hectic man for drought,  
56. One towards the chin, the other upward curled.

• • •

57. "O you, who in this world of misery,  
58. Wherefore I know not, are exempt from pain,"  
59. Then he began, "attentively regard  
60. Adamos' woe. When living, full supply  
61. Never lacked me of what most I coveted;  
62. One drop of water now, alas! I crave.  
63. The rills, that glitter down the grassy slopes  
64. Of Casentino, making fresh and soft  
65. The banks whereby they glide to Arnos' stream,  
66. Stand ever in my view; and not in vain;





THE FALSE ACCUSER AND SINON



67. For more the pictured semblance dries me up,  
68. Much more than the disease, which makes the flesh  
69. Desert these shrivelled cheeks. So from the place,  
70. Where I transgressed, stern justice urging me,  
71. Takes means to quicken more my labouring sighs.  
72. There is Romena, where I falsified  
73. The metal with the Baptists' form impressed,  
74. For which on earth I left my body burnt.  
75. But if I here might see the sorrowing soul  
76. Of Guido, Alessandro, or their brother,  
77. For Brandas' limpid spring I would not change  
78. The welcome sight. One is even now within,  
79. If truly the mad spirits tell, that round  
80. Are wandering. But wherein besteads me that?  
81. My limbs are fettered. Were I but so light,  
82. That I each hundred years might move one inch,  
83. I had set forth already on this path,  
84. Seeking him out amidst the shapeless crew,  
85. Although eleven miles it wind, not more  
86. Than half of one across. They brought me down  
87. Among this tribe; induced by them I stamped  
88. The florins with three carats of alloy."

• • •

89. "Who are that abject pair," I next inquired,  
90. "That closely bounding you upon your right  
91. Lie smoking, like a band in winter steeped  
92. In the chill stream?"—"When to this gulf I dropped,"  
93. He answered, "here I found them; since that hour  
94. They have not turned, nor ever shall, I wean,  
95. Till time have run his course. One is that dame  
96. The false accuser of the Hebrew youth;  
97. Sinon the other, that false Greek from Troy.  
98. Sharp fever drains the reeking moistness out,  
99. In such a cloud upstreamed." When that he heard,  
100. One, galled perchance to be so darkly named,

101. With clenched hand struck him on the braced paunch,  
102. That like a drum resounded: but forthwith  
103. Adamo struck him on the face, the blow  
104. Returning with his arm, that seemed as hard.

• • •

105. “Though my overweight limbs have taken from me  
106. The power to move,” said he, “I have an arm  
107. At liberty for such employ.” To who  
108. Was answered: “When you went to the fire,  
109. You had it not so ready at command,  
110. Then readier when it coined the impostor gold.”

• • •

111. And then the dropsied: “Aye, now speak you true.  
112. But there you gave not such true testimony,  
113. When you was questioned of the truth, at Troy.”

• • •

114. “If I spoke false, you falsely stamped the coin,”  
115. Said Sinon; “I am here but for one fault,  
116. And you for more than any imp beside.”

• • •

117. “Remember,” he replied, “O perjured one,  
118. The horse remember, that did teem with death,  
119. And all the world be witness to your guilt.”

• • •

120. “To your,” returned the Greek, “witness the thirst  
121. When your tongue cracks, witness the fluid mound,  
122. Reared by your belly up before your eyes,  
123. A mass corrupt.” To who the coiner then:  
124. “Your mouth gapes wide as ever to let pass  
125. Its evil saying. Me if thirst assails,  
126. Yet I am stuffed with moisture. You are parched,  
127. Pains rack your head, no urging would you need  
128. To make you lap Narcissus’ mirror up.”

• • •

129. I was all fixed to listen, when my guide

130. Admonished: "Now beware: a little more,  
131. And I do quarrel with you." I perceived  
132. How angrily he spoke, and towards him turned  
133. With shame so poignant, as remembered yet  
134. Confounds me. As a man that dreams of harm  
135. Befallen him, dreaming wishes it a dream,  
136. And that which is, desires as if it were not,  
137. Such then was I, who wanting power to speak  
138. Wished to excuse myself, and all the while  
139. Excused me, though unwilling that I did.

• • •

140. "More grievous fault than your has been, less shame,"  
141. My master cried, "might expiate. Therefore cast  
142. All sorrow from your soul; and if again  
143. Chance bring you, where like conference is held,  
144. Think I am ever at your side. To hear  
145. Such wrangling is a joy for vulgar minds."

# CANTO XXXI

## THE ARGUMENT

THE NINTH CIRCLE  
TREASON AND GIANTS

• • •

The poets, following the sound of a loud horn, are led by it to the ninth circle, in which there are four rounds, one incised within the other, and containing as many sorts of Traitors; but the present Canto shows only that the circle is encompassed with Giants, one of who Antaeus, takes them both in his arms and places them at the bottom of the circle.





TREASON AND GIANTS



1.           The very tongue, whose keen reproof before  
2.           Had wounded me, that either cheek was stained,  
3.           Now ministered my cure. So have I heard,  
4.           Achilles and his fathers' javelin caused  
5.           Pain first, and then the boon of health restored.

• • •

6.           Turning our back upon the valley of woe,  
7.           We crossed the encircled mound in silence. There  
8.           Was twilight dim, that far long the gloom  
9.           My eye advanced not: but I heard a horn  
10.           Sounded aloud. The peal it blew had made  
11.           The thunder feeble. Following its course  
12.           The adverse way, my strained eyes were bent  
13.           On that one spot. So terrible a blast  
14.           Orlando blew not, when that dismal rout  
15.           Overthrew the host of Charlemagne, and quenched  
16.           His saintly warfare. Thitherward not long  
17.           My head was raised, when many lofty towers  
18.           I think I spied. "Master," said I, "what land  
19.           Is this?" He answered straight: "Too long a space  
20.           Of intervening darkness has your eye  
21.           To traverse: you have therefore widely erred  
22.           In your imagining. There arrived  
23.           You well shall see, how distance can delude  
24.           The sense. A little therefore urge you on."

• • •

25.           Then tenderly he caught me by the hand;  
26.           "Yet know," said he, "here further we advance,  
27.           That it less strange may seem, these are not towers,  
28.           But giants. In the pit they stand immersed,  
29.           Each from his navel downward, round the bank."

• • •

30.           As when a fog dispersed gradually,  
31.           Our vision traces what the mist involves  
32.           Condensed in air; so piercing through the gross

33. And gloomy atmosphere, as more and more  
34. We neared toward the brink, mine error fled,  
35. And fear came over me. As with circling round  
36. Of turrets, Montereccion crowns his walls,  
37. Even then the shore, encompassing the abyss,  
38. Was turreted with giants, half their length  
39. Uprearing, horrible, who Jove from heaven  
40. Yet threatens, when his muttering thunder rolls.

• • •

41. Of one already I descried the face,  
42. Shoulders, and breast, and of the belly huge  
43. Great part, and both arms down along his ribs.

• • •

44. All-teeming nature, when her plastic hand  
45. Left framing of these monsters, did display  
46. Past doubt her wisdom, taking from mad War  
47. Such slaves to do his bidding; and if she  
48. Repent her not of the elephant and whale,  
49. Who ponders well confesses her therein  
50. Wiser and more discreet; for when brute force  
51. And evil will are backed with subtlety,  
52. Resistance none avails. His visage seemed  
53. In length and bulk, as does the pine, that tops  
54. Saint Peters' Roman feign; and the other bones  
55. Of like proportion, so that from above  
56. The bank, which girdled him below, such height  
57. Arose his stature, that three Friezelanders  
58. Had striven in vain to reach but to his hair.  
59. Full thirty ample palms was he exposed  
60. Downward from when a man his garments loops.  
61. "Raphel bai ameth sabi almi,"  
62. So shouted his fierce lips, which sweeter hymns  
63. Became not; and my guide addressed him then:

• • •

64. "O senseless spirit! Let your horn for you

65. Interpret: therewith vent your rage, if rage  
66. Or other passion wring you. Search your neck,  
67. There shall you find the belt that binds it on.  
68. Wild spirit! Lo, upon your mighty breast  
69. Where hangs the baldric!" Then to me he spoke:  
70. "He does accuse himself. Nimrod is this,  
71. Through whose ill counsel in the world no more  
72. One tongue prevails. But pass we on, nor waste  
73. Our words; for so each language is to him,  
74. As his to others, understood by none."

• • •

75. Then to the leftward turning sped we forth,  
76. And at a slings' throw found another shade  
77. Far fiercer and more huge. I cannot say  
78. What master hand had girt him; but he held  
79. Behind the right arm fettered, and before  
80. The other with a chain, that fastened him  
81. From the neck down, and five times round his form  
82. Apparent met the wreathed links. "This proud one  
83. Would of his strength against almighty Jove  
84. Make trial," said my guide; "when he is then  
85. Requited: Ephialtes him they call.

• • •

86. "Great was his prowess, when the giants brought  
87. Fear on the gods: those arms, which then he piled,  
88. Now moves he never." Forthwith I returned:  
89. "Feign would I, if it were possible, my eyes  
90. Of Briareus immeasurable gained  
91. Experience next." He answered: "You shall see  
92. Not far from here Antaeus, who both speaks  
93. And is unfettered, who shall place us there  
94. Where guilt is at its depth. Far onward stands  
95. Who you would feign behold, in chains, and made  
96. Like to this spirit, save that in his looks  
97. More fell he seems." By violent earthquake rocked

98.               Never shook a tower, so reeling to its base,  
99.               As Ephialtes. More than ever then  
100.              I dreaded death, nor than the terror more  
101.              Had needed, if I had not seen the cords  
102.      That held him fast. We, straight away journeying on,  
103.              Came to Antaeus, who five ells complete  
104.              Without the head, forth issued from the cave.

• • •

105.             “O you, who in the fortunate valley, that made  
106.             Great Scipio heir of glory, when his sword  
107.             Drove back the troop of Hannibal in flight,  
108.             Who then of old did carry for your spoil  
109.             An hundred lions; and if you had fought  
110.             In the high conflict on your brethrens’ side,  
111.      Seems as men yet believed, that through your arm  
112.      The sons of earth had conquered, now vouchsafe  
113.      To place us down beneath, where numbing cold  
114.             Locks up Cocytus. Force not that we crave  
115.             Or Tityus’ help or Typhons’. Here is one  
116.             Can give what in this realm you covet. Stoop  
117.             Therefore, nor scornfully distort your lip.  
118.             He in the upper world can yet bestow  
119.             Renown on you, for he does live, and looks  
120.             For life yet longer, if before the time  
121.             Grace call him not unto herself.” Then spoke  
122.      The teacher. He in haste forth stretched his hands,  
123.             And caught my guide. Alcides who felt  
124.      That grapple straightened score. Soon as my guide  
125.             Had felt it, he spoke me then: “This way  
126.             That I may clasp you;” then so caught me up,  
127.             That we were both one burden. As appears  
128.             The tower of Carisenda, from beneath  
129.      Where it does lean, if chance a passing cloud  
130.             So sail across, that opposite it hangs,  
131.             Such then Antaeus seemed, as at mine ease

132. I marked him stooping. I were feign at times  
133. To have passed another way. Yet in the abyss,  
134. That Lucifer with Judas low engulfs,  
135. Lightly he placed us; nor there leaning stayed,  
136. But rose as in a bark the stately mast.



# CANTO XXXII

## THE ARGUMENT

THE NINTH CIRCLE  
TREASON: TRAITORS  
BOCCA DEGLI ABBATI  
• • •

This Canto treats of the first, and, in part, of the second of those rounds, into which the ninth and last, or frozen circle, is divided. In the former, called Caina, Dante finds Camiccione de' Pazzi, who gives him an account of the sinners who are there punished; and in the next, named Antenora, he hears in like manner from Bocca degli Abbati who his fellow-sufferers are.

1. Could I command rough rimes and hoarse, to suit  
2. That hole of sorrow, over which every rock  
3. His firm abutment rears, then might the vein  
4. Of fancy rise full springing: but not mine  
5. Such measures, and with faltering awe I touch  
6. The mighty theme; for to describe the depth  
7. Of all the universe, is no emprise  
8. To jest with, and demands a tongue not used  
9. To infant babbling. But let them assist  
10. My song, the tuneful maidens, by whose aid  
11. Amphion walled in Thebes, so with the truth  
12. My speech shall best accord. Oh ill-starred folk,  
13. Beyond all others wretched! Who abide  
14. In such a mansion, as scarce thought finds words  
15. To speak of, better had you here on earth  
16. Been flocks or mountain goats. As down we stood  
17. In the dark pit beneath the giants' feet,  
18. But lower far than they, and I did gaze  
19. Still on the lofty battlement, a voice  
20. Bespoke me then: "Look how you walked. Take  
21. Good heed, your soles do tread not on the heads  
22. Of your poor brethren." Thereupon I turned,  
23. And saw before and underneath my feet  
24. A lake, whose frozen surface liker seemed  
25. To glass than water. Not so thick a veil  
26. In winter ever have Austrian Danube spread  
27. Over his still course, nor Tanais far remote  
28. Under the chilling sky. Rolled over that mass  
29. Had Tabernich or Pietrapana fallen,

• • •

30. Not even its rim had creaked. As peeps the frog  
31. Croaking above the wave, what time in dreams  
32. The village gleaner often pursues her toil,  
33. So, to where modest shame appears, then low  
34. Blue pinched and shrined in ice the spirits stood,

35. Moving their teeth in shrill note like the stork.  
36. His face each downward held; their mouth the cold,  
37. Their eyes expressed the dolour of their heart.

• • •

38. A space I looked around, then at my feet  
39. Saw two so strictly joined, that of their head  
40. The very hairs were mingled. "Tell me you,  
41. Whose bosoms then together press," said I,  
42. "Who are you?" At that sound their necks they bent,  
43. And when their looks were lifted up to me,  
44. Straight away their eyes, before all moist within,  
45. Distilled upon their lips, and the frost bound  
46. The tears between those orbs and held them there.  
47. Plank unto plank have never cramp closed up  
48. So stoutly. When like two enraged goats  
49. They clashed together; them such fury seized.

• • •

50. And one, from who the cold both ears had reft,  
51. Exclaimed, still looking downward: "Why on us  
52. Does speculate so long? If you would know  
53. Who are these two, the valley, when his wave  
54. Bisenzio slopes, did for its master own  
55. Their sire Alberto, and next him themselves.  
56. They from one body issued; and throughout  
57. Caina you may search, nor find a shade  
58. More worthy in congealment to be fixed,  
59. Not him, whose breast and shadow Arthurs' land  
60. At that one blow dissevered, not Focaccia,  
61. No not this spirit, whose over-jutting head  
62. Obstructs my onward view: he bore the name  
63. Of Mascheroni: Tuscan if you be,  
64. Well knows who he was: and to cut short  
65. All further question, in my form behold  
66. What once was Camiccione. I await  
67. Carlino here my kinsman, whose deep guilt

68.           Shall wash out mine." A thousand visages  
69.           Then marked I, which the keen and eager cold  
70.           Had shaped into a doggish grin; when creeps  
71.           A shivering horror over me, at the thought  
72.           Of those fore shallows. While we journeyed on  
73.           Toward the middle, at whose point unites  
74.           All heavy substance, and I trembling went  
75.           Through that eternal chillness, I know not  
76.           If will it were or destiny, or chance,  
77.           But, passing amidst the heads, my foot did strike  
78.           With violent blow against the face of one.

• • •

79.           "Wherefore does bruise me?" Weeping, he exclaimed,  
80.           "Unless your errand be some fresh revenge  
81.           For Montaperto, wherefore troubled me?"

• • •

82.           I then: "Instructor, now await me here,  
83.           That I through him may rid me of my doubt.  
84.           There-forth what haste you will." The teacher paused,  
85.           And to that shade I spoke, who bitterly  
86.           Still cursed me in his wrath. "What are you, speak,  
87.           That railed then on others?" He replied:  
88.           "Now who are you, that smiting others' cheeks  
89.           Through Antenora roamed, with such force  
90.           As were past sufferance, were you living still?"

• • •

91.           "And I am living, to your joy perchance,"  
92.           Was my reply, "if fame be dear to you,  
93.           That with the rest I may your name enroll."

• • •

94.           "The contrary of what I covet most,"  
95.           Said he, "you tender: here; nor vex me more.  
96.           Ill knows you to flatter in this valley."

• • •

97.           Then seizing on his hinder scalp, I cried:

98. "Name you, or not a hair shall delay here."

• • •

99. "Rend all away," he answered, "yet for that  
100. I will not tell nor show you who I am,  
101. Though at my head you pluck a thousand times."

• • •

102. Now I had grasped his tresses, and stripped off  
103. More than one tuft, he barking, with his eyes  
104. Drawn in and downward, when another cried,  
105. "What ails you, Bocca? Sound not loud enough  
106. Your chattering teeth, but you must bark outright?  
107. "What devil wrings you?"—"Now," said I, "be dumb,  
108. Accursed traitor! To your shame of you  
109. True tidings will I bear."—"Off," he replied,  
110. "Tell what you list; but as you escape from here  
111. To speak of him whose tongue have been so glib,  
112. Forget not: here he wails the Frenchmans' gold.  
113. 'Him of Duera,' you can say, 'I marked,  
114. Where the starved sinners pine.' If you be asked  
115. What other shade was with them, at your side  
116. Is Beccaria, whose red gorge disdained  
117. The biting Axe of Florence. Further on,  
118. If I misdeem not, Soldanieri bides,  
119. With Ganellon, and Tribaldello, him  
120. Who opened Faenza when the people slept."

• • •

121. We now had left him, passing on our way,  
122. When I beheld two spirits by the ice  
123. Pent in one hollow, that the head of one  
124. Was cowl unto the other; and as bread  
125. Is ravened up through hunger, the uppermost  
126. Did so apply his fangs to the others' brain,  
127. Where the spine joins it. Not more furiously  
128. On Menalippus' temples Tydeus gnawed,  
129. Than on that skull and on its garbage he.



130.               “O you who show so beastly sign of hate  
131.               Against him you prey on, let me hear,” said I  
132.               “The cause, on such condition, that if right  
133.               Warrant your grievance, knowing who you are,  
134.               And what the colour of his sinning was,  
135.               I may repay you in the world above,  
136.               If that wherewith I speak be moist so long.”

# CANTO XXXIII

## THE ARGUMENT

THE NINTH CIRCLE  
TREASON: UGOLINO

• • •

The Poet is told by Count Ugolino de' Cherardeschi of the cruel manner in which he and his children were famished in the tower at Pisa, by command of the Archbishop Ruggieri. He next discourses of the third round, called Ptolomea, wherein those are punished who have betrayed others under the semblance of kindness; and among these he finds the Friar Alberigo de' Manfredi, who tells him of one whose soul was already tormented in that place, though his body appeared still to be alive upon the earth, being yielded up to the governance of a fiend.

1. His jaws uplifting from their foul repast,  
 2. That sinner wiped them on the hairs o' the head,  
 3. Which he behind had mangled, then began:  
 4. "Your will obeying, I call up afresh  
 5. Sorrow past cure, which but to think of wrings  
 6. My heart, or here I tell on it. But if words,  
 7. That I may utter, shall prove seed to bear  
 8. Fruit of eternal infamy to him,  
 9. The traitor who I gnaw at, you at once  
 10. Shall see me speak and weep. Who you may be  
 11. I know not, nor how here below are come:  
 12. But Florentine you seemed of a truth,  
 13. When I do hear you. Know I was on earth  
 14. Count Ugolino, and the Archbishop he  
 15. Ruggieri. Why I neighbour him so close,  
 16. Now list. That through effect of his ill thoughts  
 17. In him my trust reposing, I was taken  
 18. And after murdered, need is not I tell.  
 19. What therefore you can not have heard, that is,  
 20. How cruel was the murder, shall you hear,  
 21. And know if he have wronged me. A small grate  
 22. Within that mew, which for my sake the name  
 23. Of famine bears, where others yet must pine,  
 24. Already through its opening several moons  
 25. Had shown me, when I slept the evil sleep,  
 26. That from the future tore the curtain off.  
 27. This one, I think, as master of the sport,  
 28. Rode forth to chase the gaunt wolf and his whelps  
 29. Unto the mountain, which forbids the sight  
 30. Of Lucca to the Pisan. With lean brachs  
 31. Inquisitive and keen, before him ranged  
 32. Lanfranchi with Sismondi and Gualandi.  
 33. After short course the father and the sons  
 34. Seemed tired and lagging, and I think I saw  
 35. The sharp tusks gore their sides. When I awoke



COUNT UGOLINO



36. Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard  
37. My sons (for they were with me) weep and ask  
38. For bread. Right cruel are you, if no pang  
39. You feel at thinking what my heart foretold;  
40. And if not now, why use your tears to flow?  
41. Now had they wakened; and the hour drew near  
42. When they were wont to bring us food; the mind  
43. Of each misgave him through his dream, and I  
44. Heard, at its outlet underneath locked up  
45. The horrible tower: when uttering not a word  
46. I looked upon the visage of my sons.  
47. I wept not: so all stone I felt within.  
48. They wept: and one, my little Anslem, cried:  
49. 'You looked so! Father what ails you?' Yet  
50. I shed no tear, nor answered all that day  
51. Nor the next night, until another sun  
52. Came out upon the world. When a faint beam  
53. Had to our doleful prison made its way,  
54. And in four countenances I decried  
55. The image of my own, on either hand  
56. Through agony I bit, and they who thought  
57. I did it through desire of feeding, rose  
58. O' the sudden, and cried, 'Father, we should grieve  
59. Far less, if you would eat of us: you gave  
60. These weeds of miserable flesh we wear,

• • •

61. And do you strip them off from us again.'  
62. Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down  
63. My spirit in stillness. That day and the next  
64. We all were silent. Ah, obdurate earth!  
65. Why opened not upon us? When we came  
66. To the fourth day, then Geddo at my feet  
67. Outstretched did fling him, crying, 'Have no help  
68. For me, my father!' There he died, and even  
69. Plainwardly as you see me, saw I the three



70. Fall one by one between the fifth day and sixth:

• • •

71. When I betook me now grown blind to grope  
72. Over them all, and for three days aloud  
73. Called on them who were dead. Then fasting got  
74. The mastery of grief.” Then having spoke,

• • •

75. Once more upon the wretched skull his teeth  
76. He fastened, like a mastiffs’ against the bone  
77. Firm and unyielding. Oh you Pisa! Shame  
78. Of all the people, who their dwelling make  
79. In that fair region, where the Italian voice  
80. Is heard, since that your neighbours are so slack  
81. To punish, from their deep foundations rise  
82. Capraia and Gorgona, and dam up  
83. The mouth of Arno, that each soul in you  
84. May perish in the waters! What if fame  
85. Reported that your castles were betrayed  
86. By Ugolino, yet no right had you  
87. To stretch his children on the rack. For them,  
88. Brigata, Ugaccione, and the pair  
89. Of gentle ones, of who my song have told,  
90. Their tender years, you modern Thebes! Did make  
91. Incapable of guilt. Onward we passed,  
92. Where others scarfed in rugged folds of ice  
93. Not on their feet were turned, but each reversed.

• • •

94. There very weeping suffers not to weep;  
95. For at their eyes grief seeking passage finds  
96. Impediment, and rolling inward turns  
97. For increase of sharp anguish: the first tears  
98. Hang clustered, and like crystal visors show,  
99. Under the socket brimming all the cup.

• • •

100. Now though the cold had from my face dislodged

101. Each feeling, as it were callous, yet me seemed  
102. Some breath of wind I felt. "When comes this,"  
103. Said I, "my master? Is not here below  
104. All vapour quenched?"—"You shall be speedily,"  
105. He answered, "where your eye shall tell you when  
106. The cause descrying of this airy shower."

• • •

107. Then cried out one in the chill crust who mourned:  
108. "O souls so cruel! That the furthest post  
109. Has been assigned you, from this face remove  
110. The hardened veil, that I may vent the grief  
111. Impregnate at my heart, some little space  
112. Here it congeal again!" I then replied:  
113. "Say who you was, if you would have mine aid;  
114. And if I extricate you not, far down  
115. As to the lowest ice may I descend!"

• • •

116. "The friar Alberigo," answered he,  
117. "Am I, who from the evil garden plucked  
118. Its fruitage, and am here repaid, the date  
119. More luscious for my fig."—"Hah!" I exclaimed,  
120. "Are you too dead?"—"How in the world aloft  
121. It fared with my body," answered he,  
122. "I am right ignorant. Such privilege  
123. Has Ptolomea, that often times the soul  
124. Drops here, here by Atropos divorced.  
125. And that you may wipe out more willingly  
126. The glazed tear-drops that overlay my eyes,  
127. Know that the soul, that moment she betrays,  
128. As I did, yields her body to a fiend  
129. Who after moves and governs it at will,  
130. Till all its time be rounded; headlong she  
131. Falls to this cistern. And perchance above  
132. Does yet appear the body of a ghost,  
133. Who here behind me winters. Him you know,





Branca Doria

134.                   If you but newly are arrived below.  
135.           The years are many that have passed away,  
136.           Since to this fastness Branca Doria came.”

• • •

137.           “Now,” answered I, “methinks you mocked me,  
138.           For Branca Doria never yet have died,  
139.           But does all natural functions of a man,  
140.           Eats, drinks, and sleeps, and puts raiment on.”

• • •

141.           He then: “Not yet unto that upper foss  
142.           By the evil talons guarded, where the pitch  
143.           Tenacious boils, had Michael Zanche reached,  
144.           When this one left a demon in his stead  
145.           In his own body, and of one his kin,  
146.   Who with him treachery wrought. But now put forth  
147.           Your hand, and open my eyes.” I opened them not.  
148.           Ill manners were best courtesy to him.

• • •

149.           Ah Genoese! Men perverse in every way,  
150.   With every foulness stained, why from the earth  
151.           Are you not cancelled? Such an one of yours  
152.           I with Romagnas’ darkest spirit found,  
153.           As for his doings even now in soul  
154.           Is in Cocytus plunged, and yet does seem  
155.           In body still alive upon the earth.

# CANTO XXXIV

## THE ARGUMENT

THE NINTH CIRCLE  
TREASON: SATAN

• • •

In the fourth and last round of the ninth circle, those who have betrayed their benefactors are wholly covered with ice. And in the midst is Lucifer, at whose back Dante and Virgil ascend, till by a secret path they reach the surface of the other hemisphere of the earth, and once more obtain sight of the stars.



1. "The banners of Hells' Monarch do come forth  
2. Towards us; therefore look," so spoke my guide,  
3. "If you discern him." As, when breathes a cloud  
4. Heavy and dense, or when the shades of night  
5. Fall on our hemisphere, seems viewed from far  
6. A windmill, which the blast stirs briskly round,  
7. Such was the fabric then I think I saw,

• • •

8. To shield me from the wind, forthwith I drew  
9. Behind my guide: no covert else was there.

• • •

10. Now came I (and with fear I bid my strain  
11. Record the marvel) where the souls were all  
12. Whelmed underneath, transparent, as through glass  
13. Pellucid the frail stem. Some prone were laid,  
14. Others stood upright, this upon the soles,  
15. That on his head, a third with face to feet  
16. Arched like a bow. When to the point we came,  
17. Whereat my guide was pleased that I should see  
18. The creature eminent in beauty once,  
19. He from before me stepped and made me pause.

• • •

20. "Lo!" He exclaimed, "lo Dis! And lo the place,  
21. Where you have need to arm your heart with strength."

• • •

22. How frozen and how faint I then became,  
23. Ask me not, reader! For I write it not,  
24. Since words would fail to tell you of my state.  
25. I was not dead nor living. Think yourself  
26. If quick conception work in you at all,  
27. How I did feel. That emperor, who sways  
28. The realm of sorrow, at mid breast from the ice  
29. Stood forth; and I in stature am more like  
30. A giant, than the giants are in his arms.  
31. Mark now how great that whole must be, which suits



Dis



32. With such a part. If he were beautiful  
33. As he is hideous now, and yet did dare  
34. To scowl upon his Maker, well from him  
35. May all our misery flow. Oh what a sight!  
36. How passing strange it seemed, when I did spy  
37. Upon his head three faces: one in front  
38. Of hue vermilion, the other two with this  
39. Midway each shoulder joined and at the crest;  
40. The right between wan and yellow seemed: the left  
41. To look on, such as come from when old Nile  
42. Stoops to the lowlands. Under each shot forth  
43. Two mighty wings, enormous as became  
44. A bird so vast. Sails never such I saw  
45. Outstretched on the wide sea. No plumes had they,  
46. But were in texture like a bat, and these  
47. He flapped In the air, that from him issued still  
48. Three winds, wherewith Cocytus to its depth  
49. Was frozen. At six eyes he wept: the tears  
50. Down three chins distilled with bloody foam.  
51. At every mouth his teeth a sinner champ'd  
52. Bruised as with ponderous engine, so that three  
53. Were in this guise tormented. But far more  
54. Than from that gnawing, was the foremost panged  
55. By the fierce rending, when often times the back  
56. Was stripped of all its skin. "That upper spirit,  
57. Who have worse punishment," so spoke my guide,  
58. "Is Judas, he that have his head within  
59. And plies the feet without. Of the other two,  
60. Whose heads are under, from the murky jaw  
61. Who hangs, is Brutus: lo! How he does writhe  
62. And speaks not! The other Cassius, that appears  
63. So large of limb. But night now re-ascends,  
64. And it is time for parting. All is seen."

• • •

65. I clipped him round the neck, for so he bade;

66. And noting time and place, he, when the wings  
67. Enough were opened, caught fast the shaggy sides,  
68. And down from pile to pile descending stepped  
69. Between the thick fell and the jagged ice.

• • •

70. Soon as he reached the point, whereat the thigh  
71. Upon the swelling of the haunches turns,  
72. My leader there with pain and struggling hard  
73. Turned round his head, where his feet stood before,  
74. And grappled at the fell, as one who mounts,  
75. That into hell I think we turned again.

• • •

76. “Expect that by such stairs as these,” then spoke  
77. The teacher, panting like a man forespent,  
78. “We must depart from evil so extreme.”  
79. Then at a rocky opening issued forth,  
80. And placed me on a brink to sits, next joined  
81. With wary step my side. I raised my eyes,  
82. Believing that I Lucifer should see  
83. Where he was lately left, but saw him now  
84. With legs held upward. Let the grosser sort,  
85. Who see not what the point was I had passed,  
86. Bethink them if sore toil oppressed me then.

• • •

87. “Arise,” my master cried, “upon your feet.  
88. The way is long, and much uncouth the road;  
89. And now within one hour and half of noon  
90. The sun returns.” It was no palace-hall  
91. Lofty and luminous wherein we stood,  
92. But natural dungeon where ill footing was  
93. And scant supply of light. “Here from the abyss  
94. I separate,” then when risen I began,  
95. “My guide! Vouchsafe few words to set me free  
96. From errors’ thrall. Where is now the ice?  
97. How stands he in posture then reversed?  
98. And how from eve to morn in space so brief

99.                   Has the sun made his transit?" He in few  
 100.               Then answering spoke: "You deemed you are still  
 101.               On the other side the centre, where I grasped  
 102.               The abhorred worm, that bored through the world.  
 103.               You was on the other side, so long as I  
 104.               Descended; when I turned, you did overpass  
 105.               That point, to which from every part is dragged  
 106.               All heavy substance. You are now arrived  
 107.               Under the hemisphere opposed to that,  
 108.               Which the great continent does overspread,  
 109.               And underneath whose canopy expired  
 110.               The Man, that was born sinless, and so lived.  
 111.               Your feet are planted on the smallest sphere,  
 112.               Whose other aspect is Judecca. Morn  
 113.               Here rises, when there evening sets: and he,  
 114.               Whose shaggy pile was scaled, yet stands fixed,  
 115.               As at the first. On this part he fell down  
 116.               From heaven; and the earth, here prominent before,  
 117.               Through fear of him did veil her with the sea,  
 118.               And to our hemisphere retired. Perchance  
 119.               To shun him was the vacant space left here  
 120.               By what of firm land on this side appears,  
 121.               That sprang aloof." There is a place beneath,  
 122.               From Beelzebub as distant, as extends  
 123.               The vaulted tomb, discovered not by sight,  
 124.               But by the sound of brooklet, that descends  
 125.               This way along the hollow of a rock,  
 126.               Which, as it winds with no precipitous course,  
 127.               The wave have eaten. By that hidden way  
 128.               My guide and I did enter, to return  
 129.               To the fair world: and heedless of repose  
 130.               We climbed, he first, I following his steps,  
 131.               Till on our view the beautiful lights of heaven  
 132.               Dawned through a circular opening in the cave:  
 133.               Then issuing we again beheld the stars.





LUCIFER APPEARING TO DANTE AND VIRGIL IN HELL

# DIS

(LUCIFER, SATAN THE DEVIL)

*“I will reclaim my rightful place in Paradise. My path will be paved with the sins of Man and yours, Dante shall be the bedrock of my return. And all of that is good shall be gone from the Universe forever!”* — Lucifer to Dante.

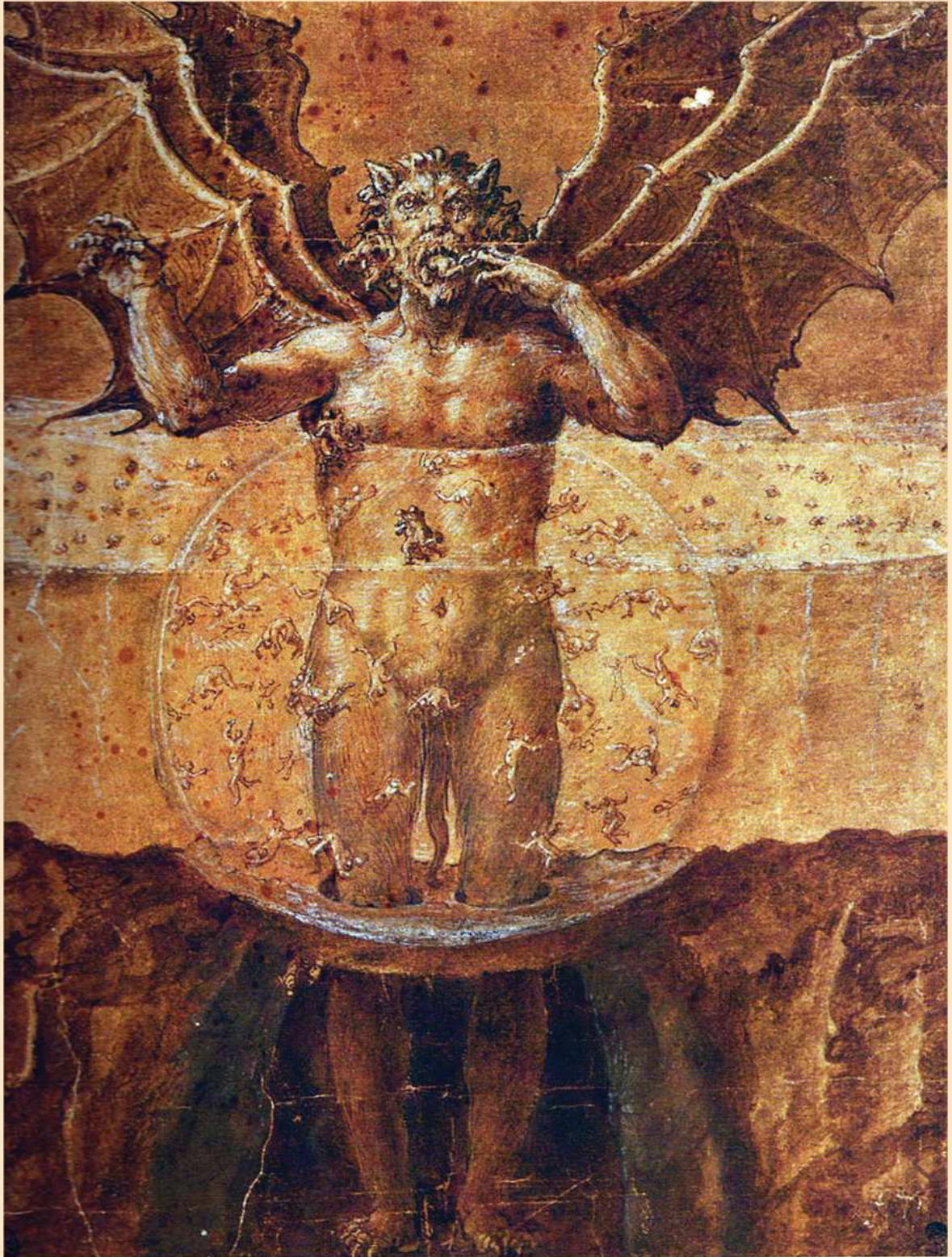
In the fourth and last round of the ninth circle, those who have betrayed their benefactors are wholly covered with ice. And in the midst is Lucifer, at whose back Dante and Virgil ascend, till by a secret path they reach the surface of the other hemisphere of the earth, and once more obtain sight of the stars.

Lucifer (Also known as Satan, Dis or the Devil in some circles) was the ruler of Hell and the main antagonist of Dante’s *Inferno*. Once God’s most glorious angel, Lucifer was banished from Paradise as punishment for leading a rebellion against Him. Now a twisted and demonic being, he plotted his return to “His rightful place in Paradise”. Lucifer stands in his ice block crushing sinners with his teeth. Others wholly covered by ice are at his feet. Dante and Virgil are shown in the back, the first is seated.(pages 228-30/31) Dis was trapped waist-deep in ice in the frozen Lake Cocytus within the circle of Treachery. Despite this, The Prince of Darkness could project himself in a smoky form on Earth and throughout the nine circles.



LUCIFER APPEARING TO DANTE AND VIRGIL IN HELL









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*Myke Manley*

2023

